PENTHOUSE COMIX

DECEMBER 1996

MERRY XXXMAS

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JASON PEARSON

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by
RICHARD CORBEN &
JAN STRNAD

Part IV:
LORD NOOT

After rebuilding the interdimensional portal, Denz heads back to NeverWhere, only to find that mad Queen Neema — his former secretary on this side of the portal — has destroyed all the good things accomplished by his brother, Den. With his reluctant Dramite sidekick, Gabby, Denz attempts to sneak up on Queen Neema through the underground tunnels. Since they are full of water, Ichthyan Queen Ryllia's patrols found them first. Ryllia was an ally of Den, so how tough could it be on Denz? Things could be tougher than to have to bang Princess Pyscia, a preposterously nubile fish-girl?

WE TARRIED WITH THE FISH PEOPLE FOR THREE DAYS, DURING WHICH I LEARNED TO HOLD MY BREATH UNDERWATER FOR TWENTY MINUTES.

ONCE QUEEN RYLLIA WAS CONVINCED OF OUR INTENTION TO DEPOSE THE BITCH QUEEN... I MEAN **NEEMA**... SHE LOANED US A SUBMARINE TO TAKE US TO NEEMA'S PALACE.

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HOW LONG UNTIL WE GET THERE?

NEVER ASK HOW LONG A JOURNEY WILL TAKE! IT INVITES **DISASTER!**

HA! YOU AND YOUR SILLY SUPERSTITIONS!

SHOOOSH

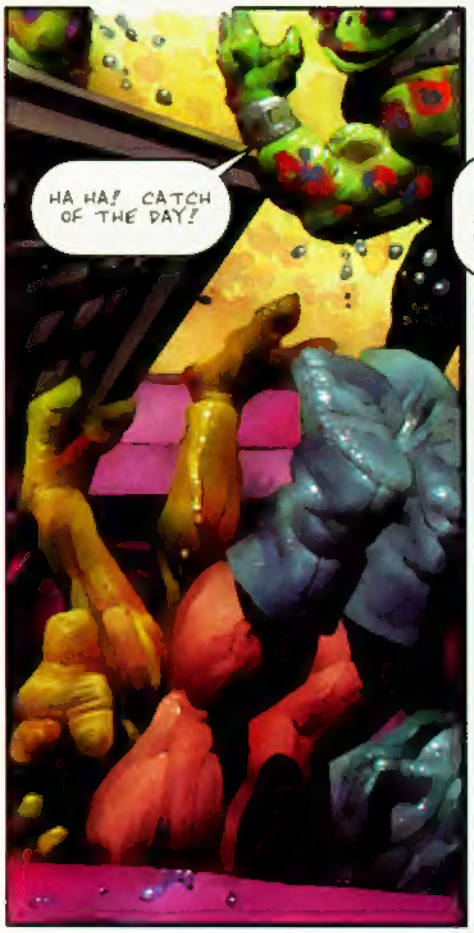
BROOMMPH!

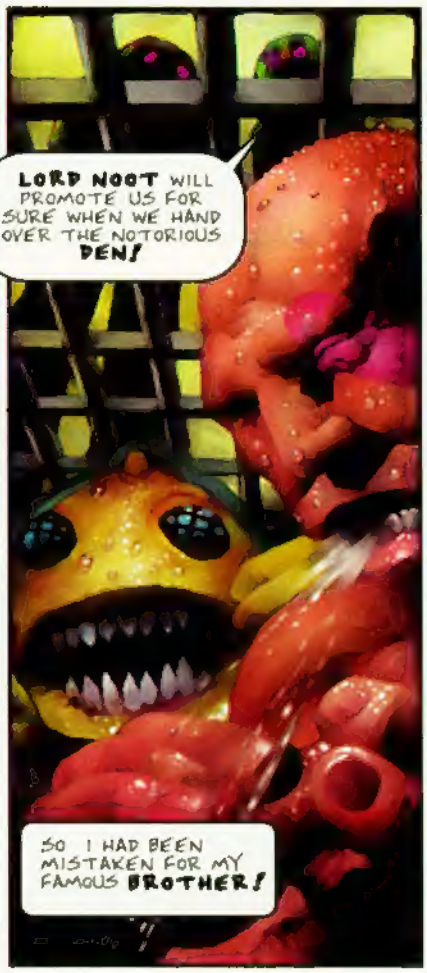
PHIB ATTACK! THEY KEEP THE ICHTHYANS AS SLAVES!

"THAT'S GOOD, RIGHT? IT MEANS THEY'LL WANT TO TAKE US ALIVE!"
"OH, YES...IT'S VERY GOOD! OF COURSE, THEY'RE ASSUMING THAT WE CAN ALL BREATHE UNDERWATER!"

WRAP MY CLOAK AROUND YOUR HEAD! IT MIGHT HOLD ENOUGH AIR FOR YOU TO MAKE IT TO THE PHIBS' SHIP!

AIR LEAKED THROUGH THE WEAVE OF MY CLOAK LIKE FIZZ FROM A GLASS OF SODA! I FEARED THAT MY DRAMITE COMPANION WOULD **DROWN** BEFORE WE REACHED THE SHIP!

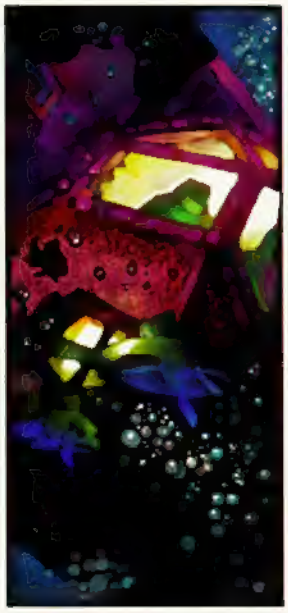

HA HA! CATCH OF THE DAY!

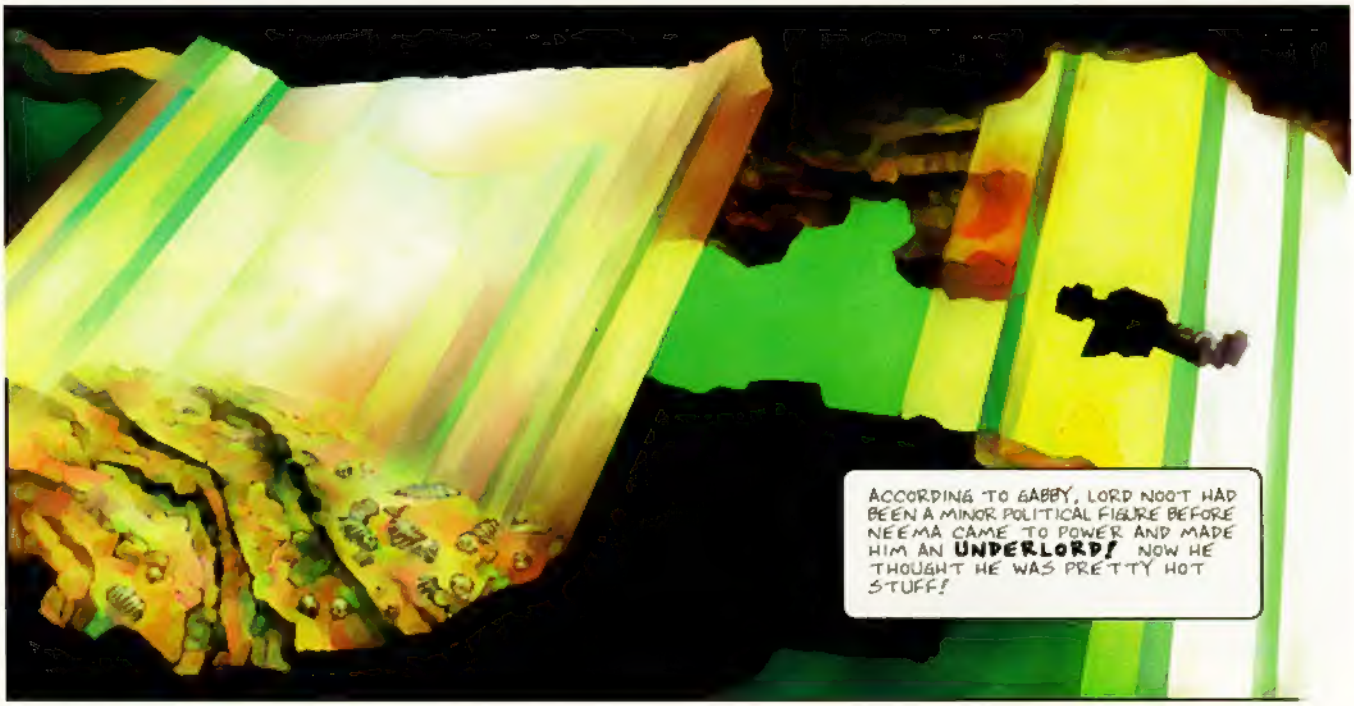

LORD NOOT WILL PROMOTE US FOR SURE WHEN WE HAND OVER THE NOTORIOUS **DEN!**
SO I HAD BEEN MISTAKEN FOR MY FAMOUS **BROTHER!**

LET'S EAT THE DRAMITE **NOW!**
WAIT UNTIL WE DOCK! MY WIFE HAS THIS RECIPE FOR DRAMITE LEGS THAT IS... **MM-MAW!**

UUUNNGH! -IS THERE ANYBODY IN THIS CRUMMY WORLD WHO DOESN'T HOLD A GRUDGE AGAINST MY BROTHER?!
YOU DON'T HAVE IT SO BAD!

AT LEAST YOU AREN'T CRUNCHY ON THE OUTSIDE AND MOIST AND CHEWY INSIDE!
OOWCH! I THINK I PULLED A MUSCLE.

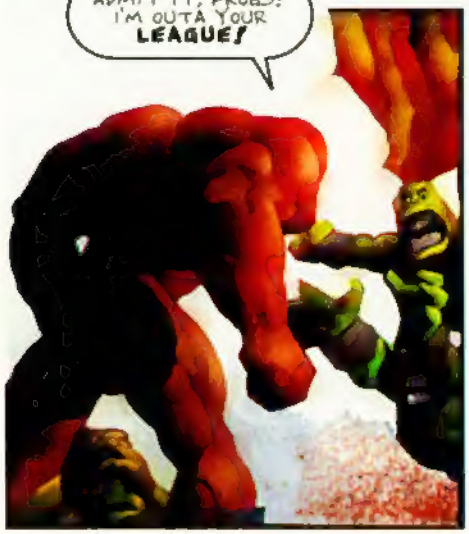



ACCORDING TO GABBY, LORD NOOT HAD BEEN A MINOR POLITICAL FIGURE BEFORE NEEMA CAME TO POWER AND MADE HIM AN UNDERLORD! NOW HE THOUGHT HE WAS PRETTY HOT STUFF!

GABBY SAID THAT THE PHIBS WOULD HOLD PYSCIA FOR RANSOM. SO I SHOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT HER. HE SAID I SHOULD WORRY ABOUT MYSELF AND WHAT LORD NOOT WOULD DO WHEN HE FOUND OUT I WASN'T "THE NOTORIOUS DEN."
TAKE THE REBEL DEN TO LORD NOOT IMMEDIATELY!
I WON'T GO WITHOUT MY, UHM, PRIME MINISTER!
SORRY, BUT LORD NOOT WANTS THE SUCCULENT ONE BOILED FOR HIS LUNCH! YOU'LL COME ALONE!
COULDN'T HE SAVE ME FOR DINNER? OR BETTER YET, A NICE MIDNIGHT SNACK!
DON'T WORRY, GABBY--
THROK!
I'M PUTTING LORD NOOT ON A DRAMITE-FREE DIET!
KRAK!

KRAK!

BUMPITY-BUMP
HA! AND NEEMA USED TO LAUGH AT ME FOR WATCHING BOWLING FOR BUCKS!


ADMIT IT, FROGS! I'M OUTA YOUR LEAGUE!

YOU MIGHT AS WELL SPLIT!
SPLASH!

DON'T SHOOT! LORD NOOT WANTS HIM TAKEN ALIVE!

YOUR LORDSHIP! THE MIGHTY DEN IS SLAUGHTERING OUR SOLDIERS!
SO? THERE'S ALWAYS MORE WHERE THOSE CAME FROM.

BUT MY LORD-- HE'S HEADED **THIS WAY!** HE'LL BE HERE ANY **SECOND!**

KEEP YOUR ASS POINTED AT THE DOOR. IF THAT DOESN'T SCARE HIM OFF, NOTHING WILL!

LISTEN UP NOOTSTER!
SMASH!
THAT WOULD BE HIM NOW.

TELL YOUR GOONS TO QUIT DROOLING OVER MY PRIME MINISTER, AND I'LL LET YOU **LIVE!**

OTHERWISE I'LL RIP OFF YOUR LEGS AND SELL THEM TO THE NEAREST **FRENCH RESTAURANT!**

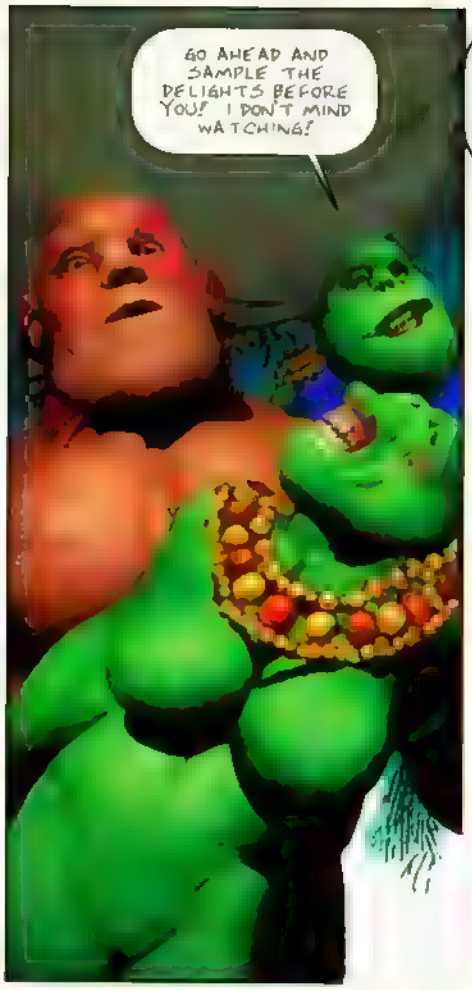
HA HA! THAT'S THE **DEN** I'VE HEARD ABOUT!

I THINK THAT'S MY **COUSIN** ALL OVER HIS BIB!
THIS IS HISTORY IN THE MAKING! TWO GREAT MINDS, MEETING AT LAST! WE MUST TALK ABOUT **AFFAIRS OF STATE!**

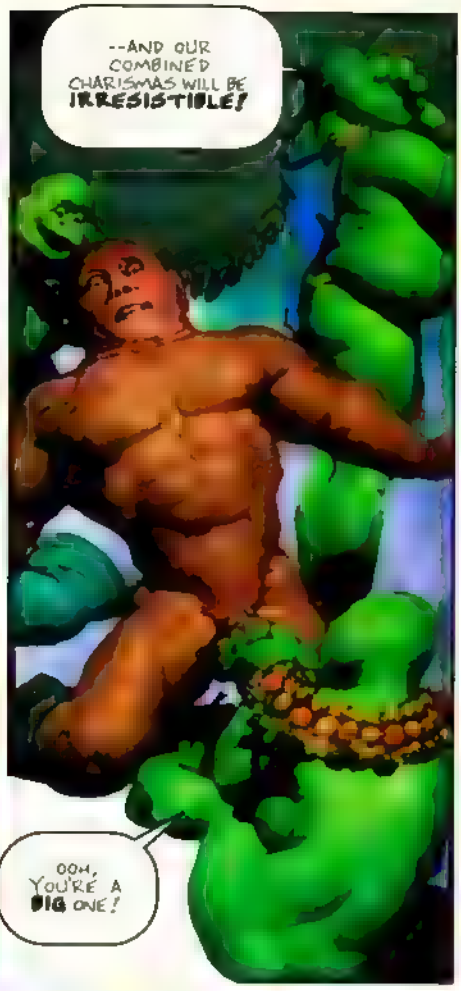
LEAVE DEN'S PRIME MINISTER IN YOUR CARE, DEAR!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE DRAMITE--NO HARM WILL COME TO HIM. MY WIFE IS MY **LOYAL** SUBJECT!

WELCOME, DEN, TO MY PRIVATE OFFICE! THIS IS WHERE I GET ALL MY BEST **HEAD WORK** DONE!


GO AHEAD AND SAMPLE THE DELIGHTS BEFORE YOU! I DON'T MIND WATCHING!

I'M IN MY POLITICAL **PRIME**, MY FRIEND! ALL OF NEVERWHERE CAN BE OURS ONCE WE GET RID OF THE BITCH QUEEN! THROW IN WITH ME--

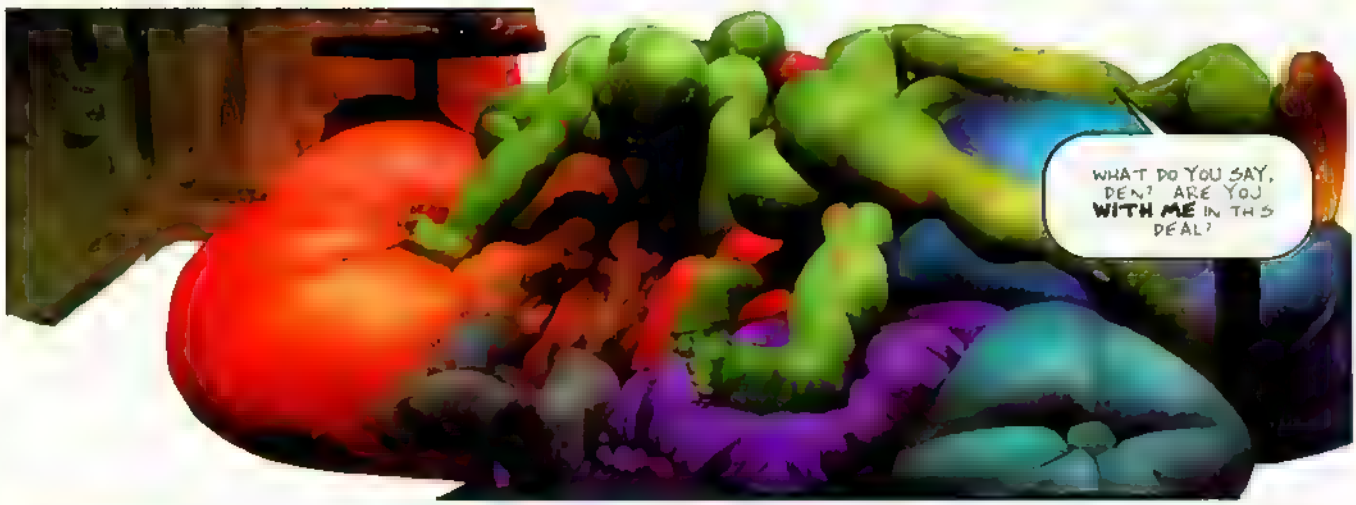

--AND OUR COMBINED CHARISMAS WILL BE **IRRESISTIBLE!**
OOH, YOU'RE A **BIG** ONE!

I HAVE A DOCUMENT THAT WILL HELP YOU! IT'S A **MAP** OF THE BITCH QUEEN'S PALACE!

T SHOWS ALL THE SECRET ENTRANCES AND CORR DORS ALL THE INS AND OUTS!
INS AND OUTS, UH-HUH!

ONCE I GET THE LOCNAR I MEAN, ONCE WE GET IT THINGS'LL BE DIFFERENT! FOR ONE THING, WE'LL GET RID OF ALL THOSE DRAMITES SUCKING ON THE GOVERNMENT TEAT —!

NOOTY, I JUST LOVE IT WHEN YOU TALK DIRTY! SAY 'TEAT' AGAIN!
HEH-HEH!

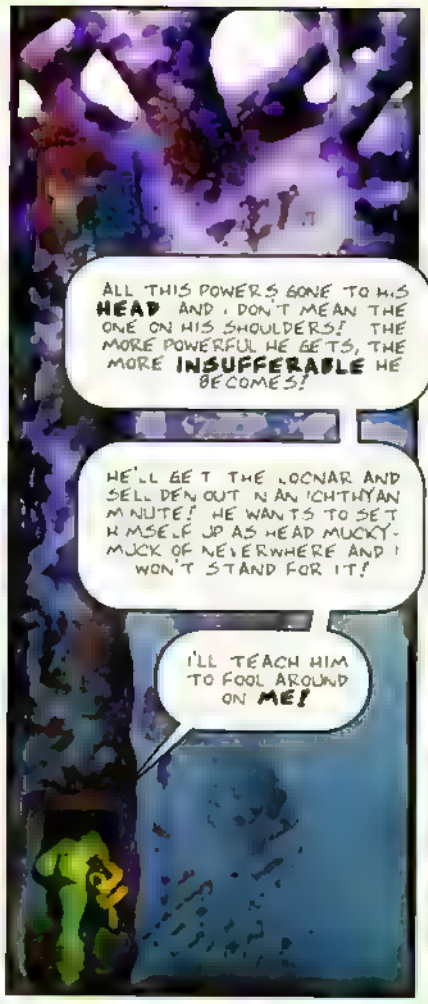

WHAT DO YOU SAY, DEN? ARE YOU WITH ME IN THIS DEAL?

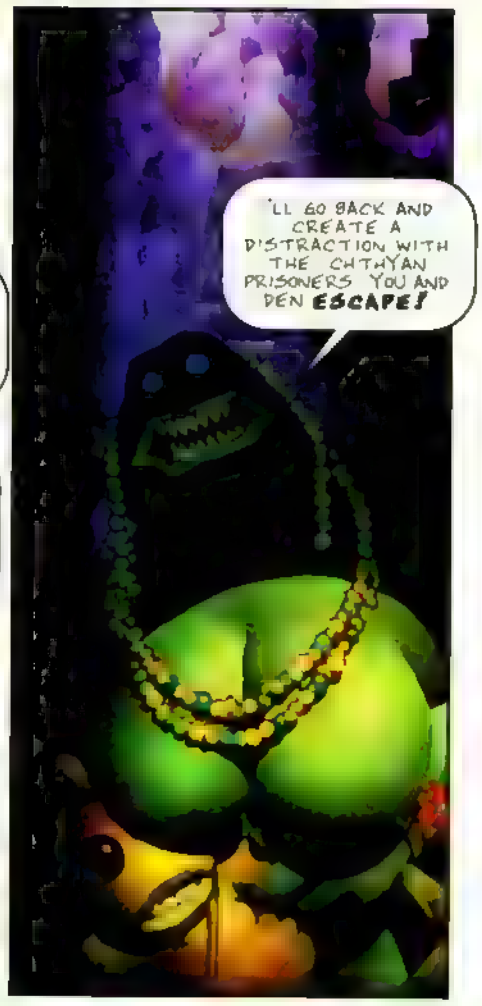
OH, THAT'S IT, THAT'S IT!

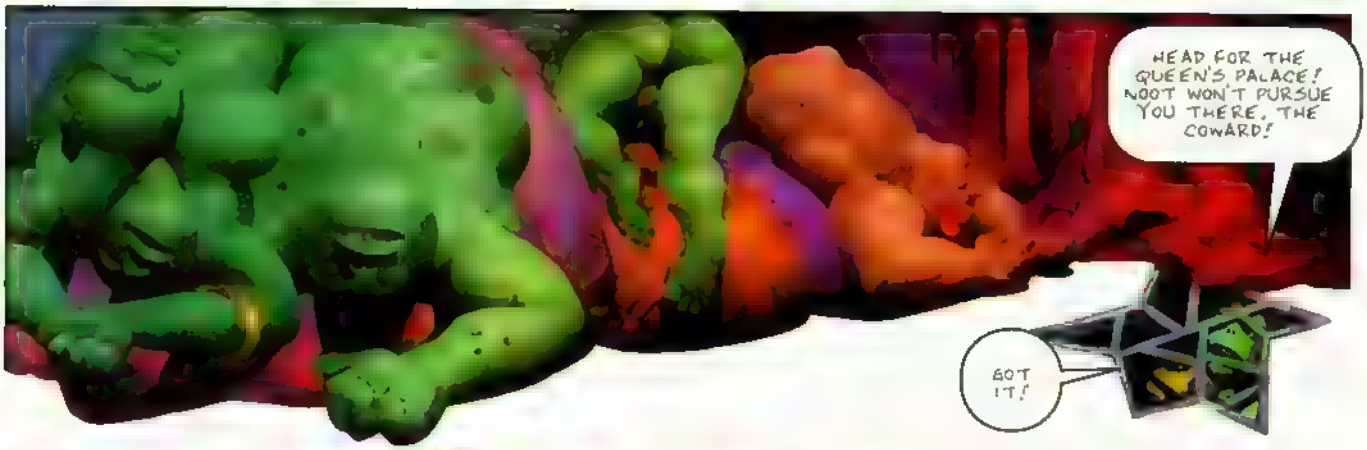
YES, YES, YES!

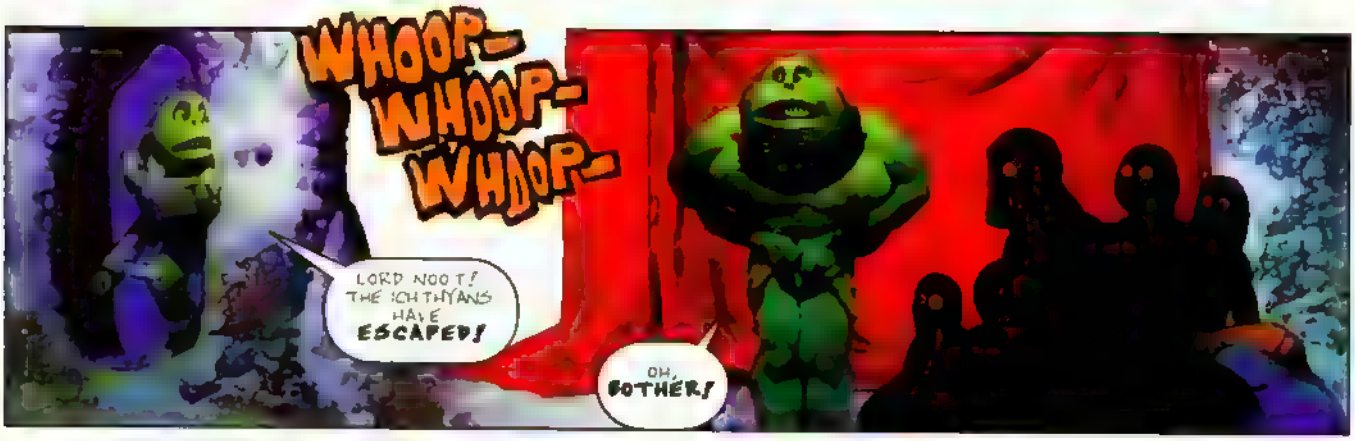
HA HA! GOOD! KNEW I COULD COUNT ON YOU!

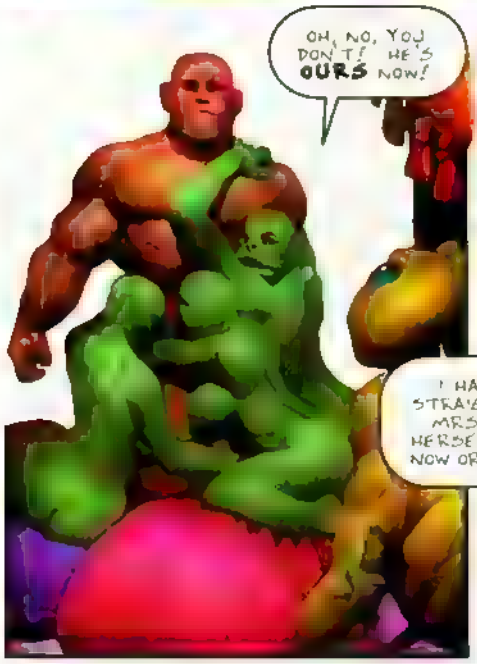
NOOT THINKS HE'S FOOLED ME WITH HIS MIGHTY OFFICE CRAP! BUT I KNOW WHAT GOES ON BEHIND THOSE DOORS!
LET'S LEAVE THE ARM **ATTACHED,** OKAY?


ALL THIS POWER'S GONE TO HIS **HEAD** AND I DON'T MEAN THE ONE ON HIS SHOULDERS! THE MORE POWERFUL HE GETS, THE MORE **INSUFFERABLE** HE BECOMES!
HE'LL GET THE LOCNAR AND SELL DEN OUT IN AN ICHTHYAN MINUTE! HE WANTS TO SET HIMSELF UP AS HEAD MUCKY-MUCK OF NEVERWHERE AND I WON'T STAND FOR IT!
I'LL TEACH HIM TO FOOL AROUND ON **ME!**


I'LL GO BACK AND CREATE A DISTRACTION WITH THE ICHTHYAN PRISONERS. YOU AND DEN **ESCAPE!**

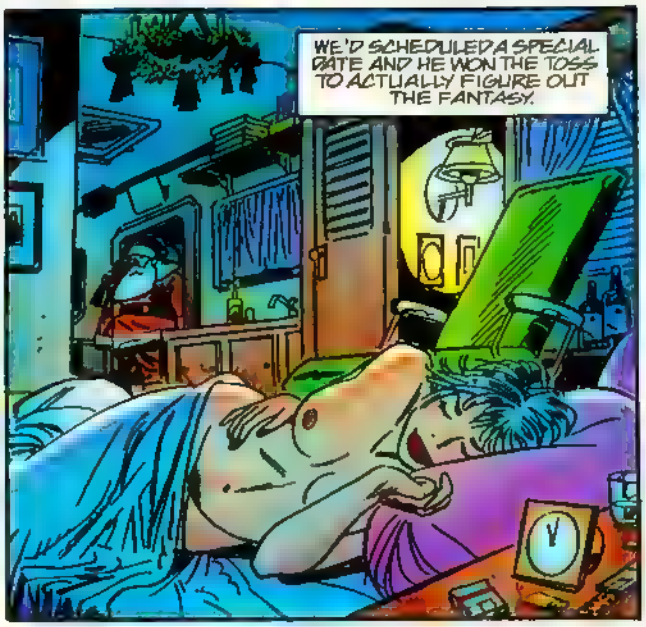

HEAD FOR THE QUEEN'S PALACE! NOOT WON'T PURSUE YOU THERE, THE COWARD!
GOT IT!


WHOOP-WHOOP-WHOOP-
LORD NOOT! THE ICHTHYANS HAVE **ESCAPED!**
OH, **BOTHER!**



TO BE CONTINUED...

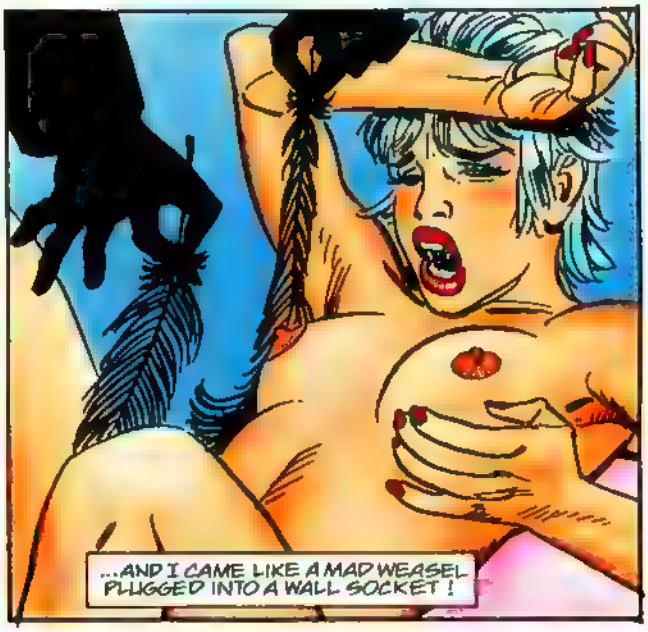
BROWN'S DELIGHTS
by
ELIOT R. BROWN
ALFONSO FONT
"A Very Merry Christmas"
DEAR PENTHOUSE, I'D LIKE TO SHARE A REALLY NICE CHRISTMAS STORY WITH ALL YOUR READERS. MY BOYFRIEND AND I HAVE AN ACTIVE SEX LIFE AND OCCASIONALLY DO A FANTASY ..
...BUT WE NEVER THOUGHT OF CHRISTMAS UNTIL LAST YEAR!


WE'D SCHEDULED A SPECIAL DATE AND HE WON THE TOSS TO ACTUALLY FIGURE OUT THE FANTASY.

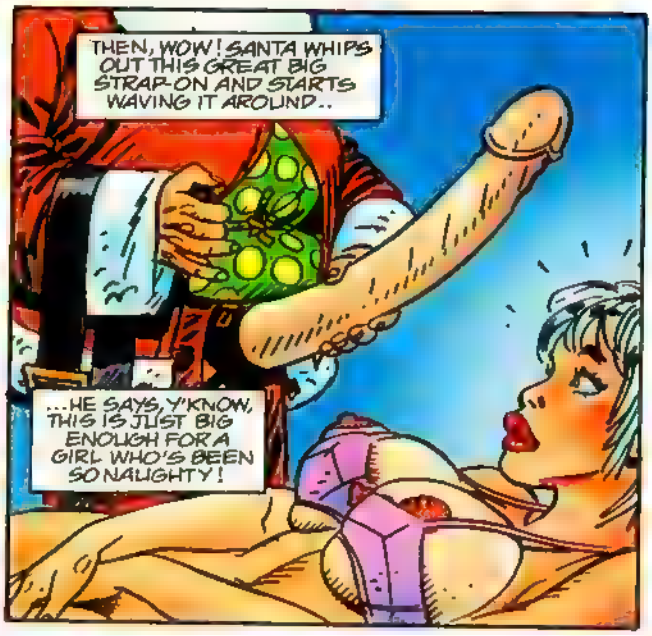
MY BOYFRIEND, HARRY, CAME IN AS A BIG, FAT SANTA CLAUS, CARRYING A SILLY, BIG BAG OF GIFTS.
HE SWEETLY WOKE ME UP WITH A LOUD HO, HO, HO!--AND HE TOLD ME I'D BEEN NAUGHTY AND NICE ..

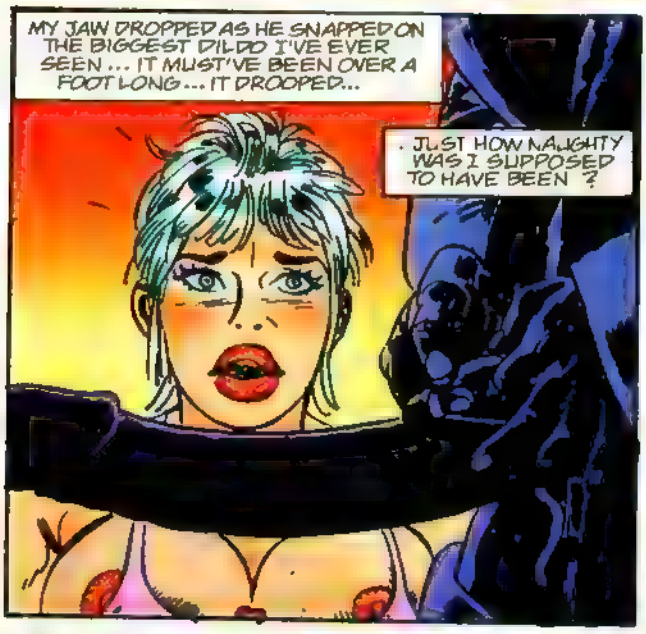
BUT WE'D TAKE CARE OF THE NAUGHTY PART FIRST
THEN HE TOOK OUT THESE ENORMOUS FEATHERS AND TICKLED ME WITHOUT MERCY...SOME PUNISHMENT!

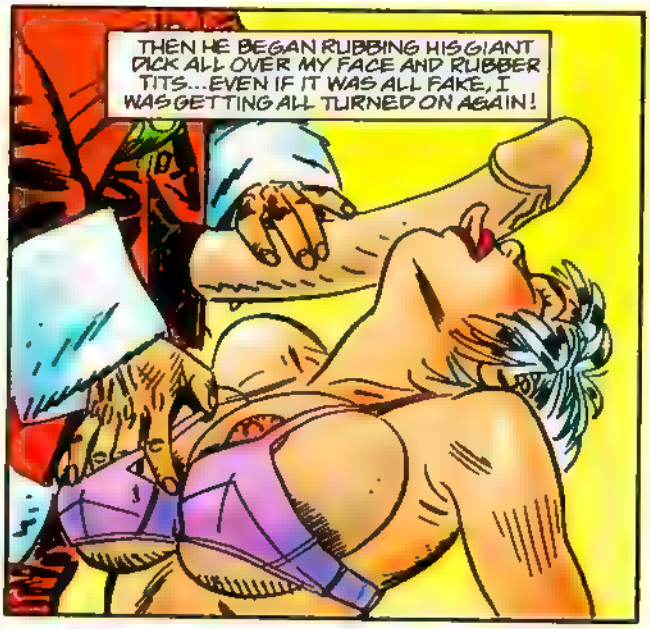
THERE WAS SOME KIND OF STIFFER PART TO THESE FEATHERS BECAUSE THE ONE ON MY VAGINA WAS DOING MORE THAN TICKLING..
..THE TICKLE BECAME A RED-HOT TIDAL WAVE..


...AND I CAME LIKE A MAD WEASEL PLUGGED INTO A WALL SOCKET!

I WAS STILL BREATHING HARD WHEN "SANTA" PULLED OUT A HUGE PAIR OF RUBBER TITS AND STRAPPED THEM ONTO MY CHEST. THOUGH I'M NOT USED TO HAVING BIG TITS, THESE WERE A REAL TURN-ON.


THEN, WOW! SANTA WHIPS OUT THIS GREAT BIG STRAP-ON AND STARTS WAVING IT AROUND..
...HE SAYS, Y'KNOW, THIS IS JUST BIG ENOUGH FOR A GIRL WHO'S BEEN SO NAUGHTY!

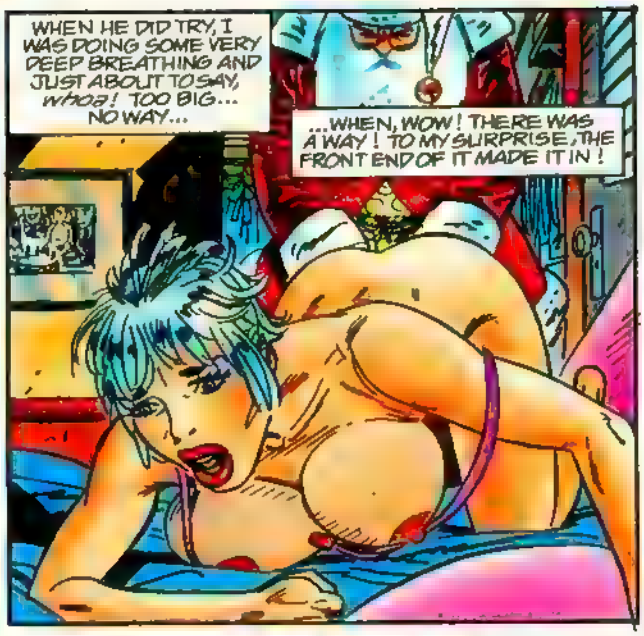

MY JAW DROPPED AS HE SNAPPED ON THE BIGGEST DILDO I'VE EVER SEEN... IT MUST'VE BEEN OVER A FOOT LONG... IT DROOPED...
JUST HOW NAUGHTY WAS I SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN ?


THEN HE BEGAN RUBBING HIS GIANT DICK ALL OVER MY FACE AND RUBBER TITS...EVEN IF IT WAS ALL FAKE, I WAS GETTING ALL TURNED ON AGAIN!

THE HEAT WAS BUILDING INSIDE ME .. THAT BIG, INHUMAN DICK WAS MAKING MY BODY MELT.

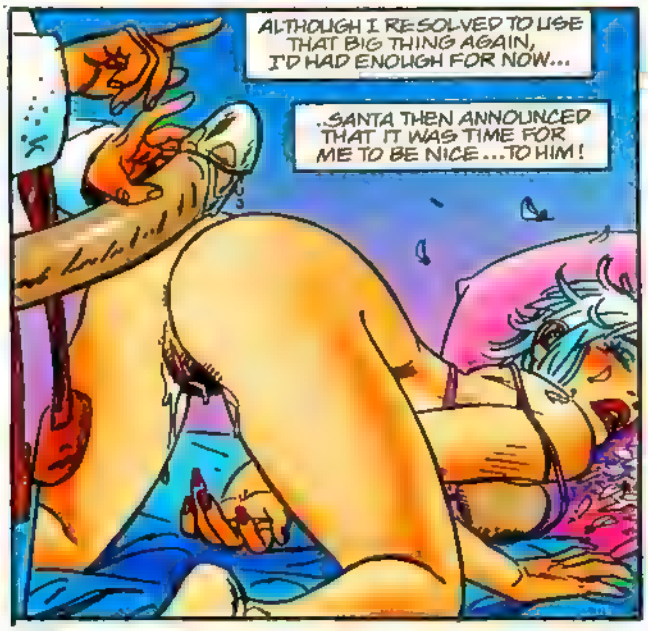
I MOANED, OH, SANTA, I WAS NAUGHTY... BUT IT WOULD BE NICE TO BE FUCKED BY THAT BIG COCK!

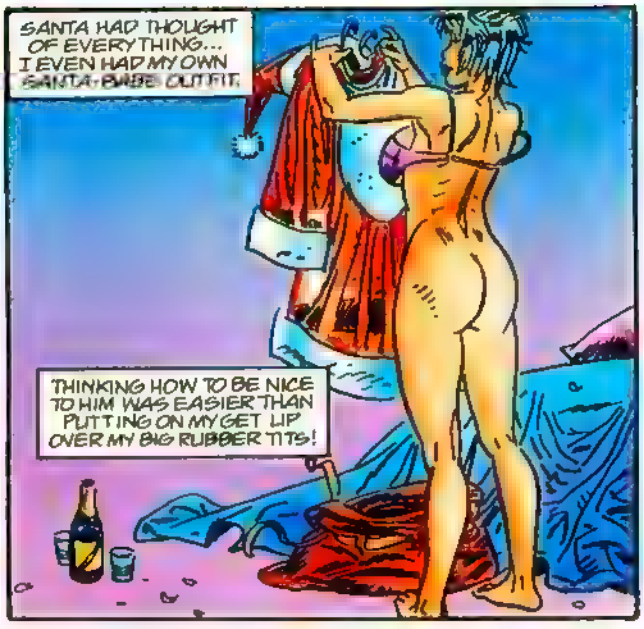
I REALLY DIDN'T WANT SANTA TO TRY TO PUT THAT GIANT DILDO IN ME.. BUT I WAS REALLY WET AND GETTING CRAZIER BY THE MINUTE


WHEN HE DID TRY, I WAS DOING SOME VERY DEEP BREATHING AND JUST ABOUT TO SAY, whoa! TOO BIG... NO WAY...
...WHEN, WOW! THERE WAS A WAY! TO MY SURPRISE, THE FRONT END OF IT MADE IT IN!

EVEN THOUGH I COULDN'T TAKE ALL OF THAT RUBBER COCK, I TOOK ENOUGH TO COME LIKE A TRIP-HAMMER

I CAME SO HARD, I WAS SHUDDERING LIKE WE WERE IN AN EARTHQUAKE... A LONG EARTHQUAKE!


ALTHOUGH I RESOLVED TO USE THAT BIG THING AGAIN, I'D HAD ENOUGH FOR NOW...
..SANTA THEN ANNOUNCED THAT IT WAS TIME FOR ME TO BE NICE...TO HIM!

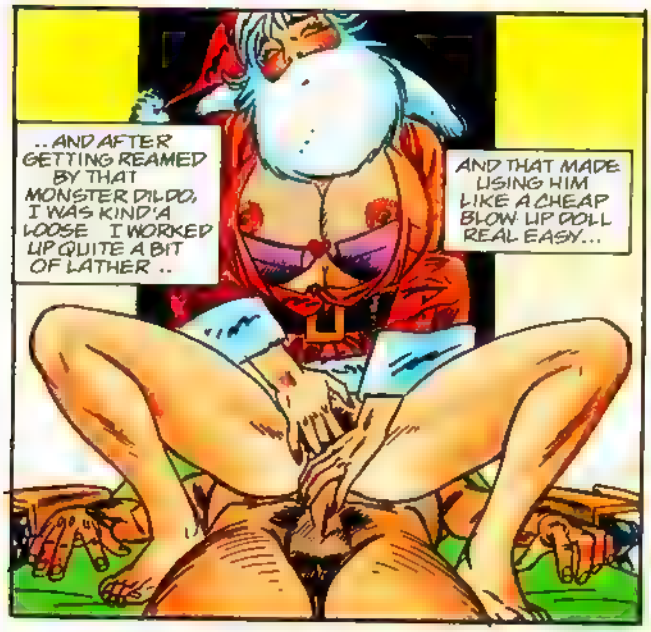

SANTA HAD THOUGHT OF EVERYTHING... I EVEN HAD MY OWN SANTA-BABE OUTFIT.
THINKING HOW TO BE NICE TO HIM WAS EASIER THAN PUTTING ON MY GET UP OVER MY BIG RUBBER TITS!

I WAS GOING TO TRY TO GIVE HIM AS GOOD A TIME AS POSSIBLE

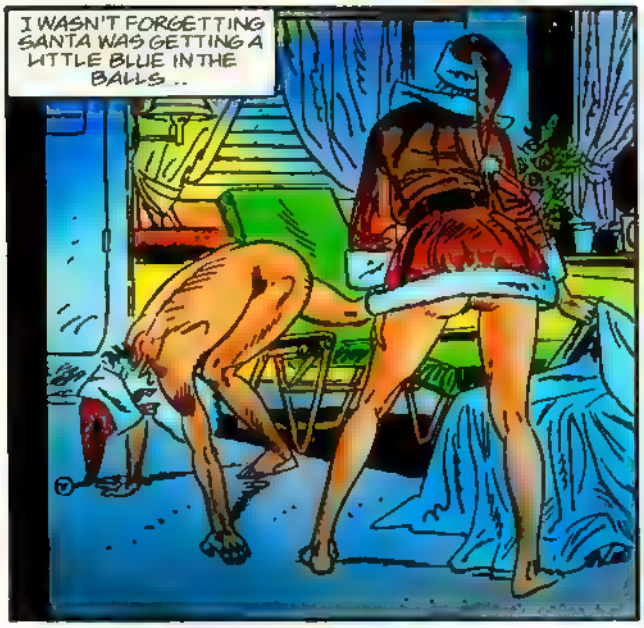
SANTA CAME PRETTY WELL EQUIPPED WITH HIS OWN, REAL, LIVE COCK. UNLIKE THE MONSTER RUBBER ONE, THIS ONE COULD FEEL MY ALREADY-PRIMED, RED-HOT CUNT.

SANTA'S CANDY CANE WAS PRETTY HOT, TOO. I GRABBED THAT WOOD-HARD COCK AND PREPARED TO RAM IT HOME

A GOOD FANTASY SESSION USUALLY GIVES HIM A REAL HARD DICK... THIS WAS A GREAT FANTASY SESSION...
...I COULDN'T BEND HIM AT ALL!

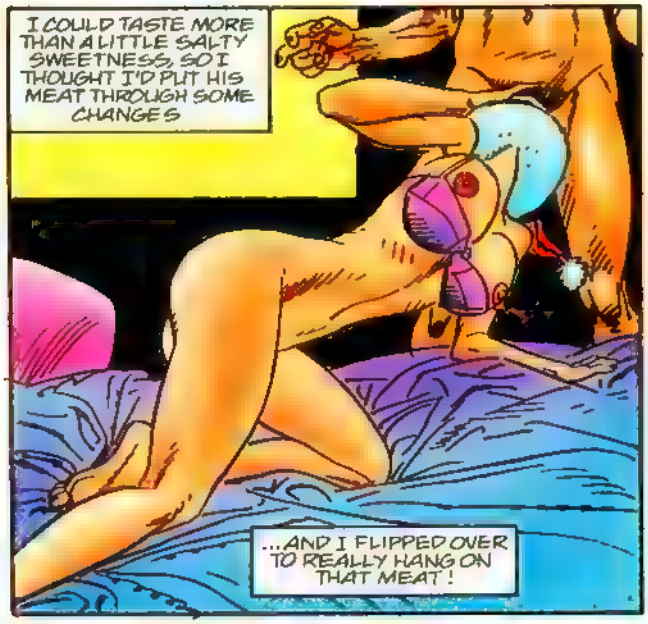

.. AND AFTER GETTING REAMED BY THAT MONSTER DILDO, I WAS KIND'A LOOSE I WORKED UP QUITE A BIT OF LATHER ..
AND THAT MADE USING HIM LIKE A CHEAP BLOW UP DOLL REAL EASY...

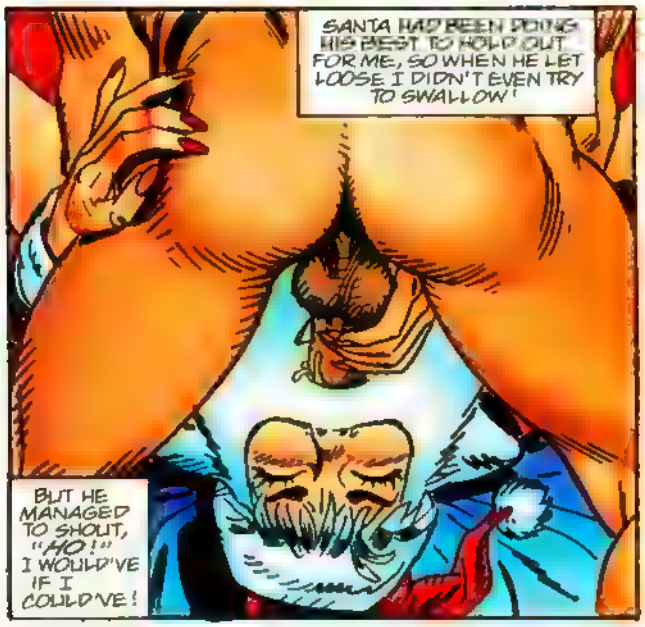
. I FLIPPED END-FOR-END AND SANK ON SANTA'S RIGID COCK. THE HEAT BEGAN BUILDING IN ME... AGAIN. .
ALL I CAN SAY IS THE THIRD TIME IT FELT LIKE EVERY PORE WAS EXPLODING! I GUESS I MADE A FEW FUNNY NOISES BECAUSE SANTA STARTED GOING, "HO, HO, HO!"


I WASN'T FORGETTING SANTA WAS GETTING A LITTLE BLUE IN THE BALLS...

I DID MY BEST IMPRESSION OF A PORN STAR, WITH ALL THE GURGLING AND GASPING I COULD MANAGE TO FIT AROUND HIS HOT DICK.

MY HEAD WAS STILL RINGING FROM THAT LAST ORGASM AND I FOUND IT EASY TO LET SANTA'S HOT IRON TOOL RATTLE THE BACK OF MY THROAT


I COULD TASTE MORE THAN A LITTLE SALTY SWEETNESS, SO I THOUGHT I'D PUT HIS MEAT THROUGH SOME CHANGES
...AND I FLIPPED OVER TO REALLY HANG ON THAT MEAT!

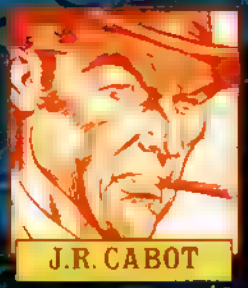

SANTA HAD BEEN DOING HIS BEST TO HOLD OUT FOR ME, SO WHEN HE LET LOOSE I DIDN'T EVEN TRY TO SWALLOW!
BUT HE MANAGED TO SHOUT, "HO!" I WOULD'VE IF I COULD'VE!

WITH FANTASY NIGHTS LIKE THIS RINGING OUR CHRISTMAS SLEIGH BELLS, WHO KNOWS WHAT TO EXPECT FOR EASTER AND THANKSGIVING!
--D.P., ELKO, NEVADA
THE END
100% Pure Brown

SLIM & NUN

SLIM CHANCE

SISTER JOAN


J.R. CABOT

MAC McLAIN

EPISODE 7: THE FLESH IS WEAK."

1871. Somewhere in the Great American West, "Slim" Chance is hired by his partner, "Big Mac" McLain to knock over the gold-choked Hell Wagon owned by land baron J. R. Cabot who had swindled McLain out of his part of the Lost Dutchman Mine.

Sister Joan, who looks a hell of a lot like a nun, but sure doesn't act like one, hires Slim for protection during her travels to missions of the west. Rawhide Rita, admirer-from-afar of Slim, claims Sister Joan is a hooker who stole gold from her — so, where's the gold?

Enter Mick "The Quick" Quintin, old pal of Mac's and Slim's and pre-disposed to hate Cabot. In order take to down the Hell Wagon, Mac and Slim have assembled a team of the scum of the West: "Bug-Juice" Beam, Johnny "Reb" Russell and Apache Joe. To round out the whole scene, is Celeste and Edward Dupre, renegade RCMPs who now work for Cabot and who, got the drop on Slim. Celeste takes advantage of our tied up hero, just as...

MICK "The Quick" QUINTIN

RAWHIDE RITA

CELESTE DUPRE

EDMUND DUPRE

JOHNNY "REB" RUSSELL

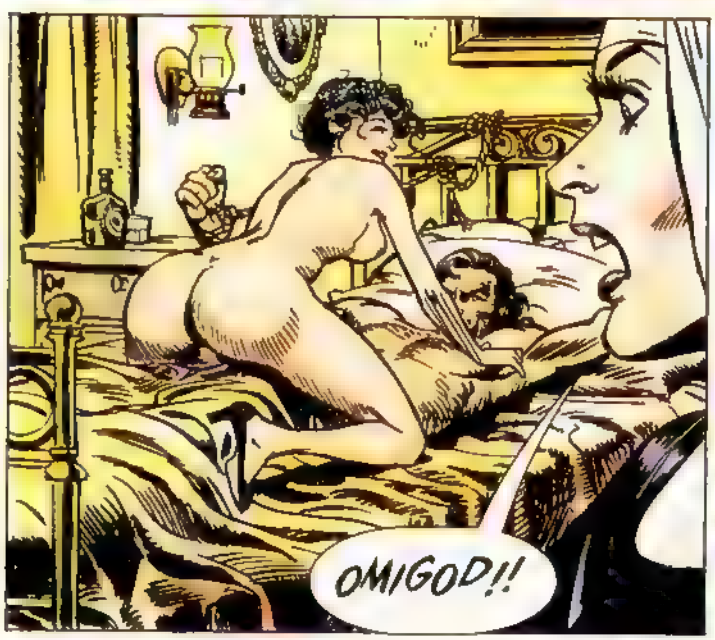
ART & STORY BY DAN BARRY
LETTERING & COLORING BY GAIL BECKETT
COLOR ASSISTS BY DAN BARRY

ASTORIA H

THE DOOR, SISTER! CABOT'S MEN?
BANG
THUMP
BANG
N NNGG .. UHHHHH... T-TELL THEM... I'M CO-O-OMING! OH, YES.. YESSSSS.

JUST A MOMENT, AY...

STAND ASIDE!! WHERE IS BROTHER SLIM CHANCE?
IF ANYTHING UNTOWARD HAS BEFALLEN HIM..

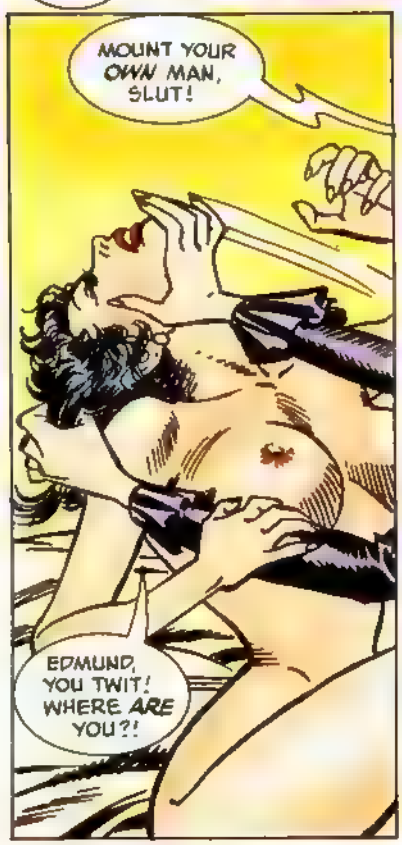

OMIGOD!!

UNHAND HIM, YOU...YOU WHORE OF BABYLON!

BROTHER CHANCE! HOW COULD YOU!!
YO-OWWWAH! SISTER, FER CHRIS'SAKES!
WAP!

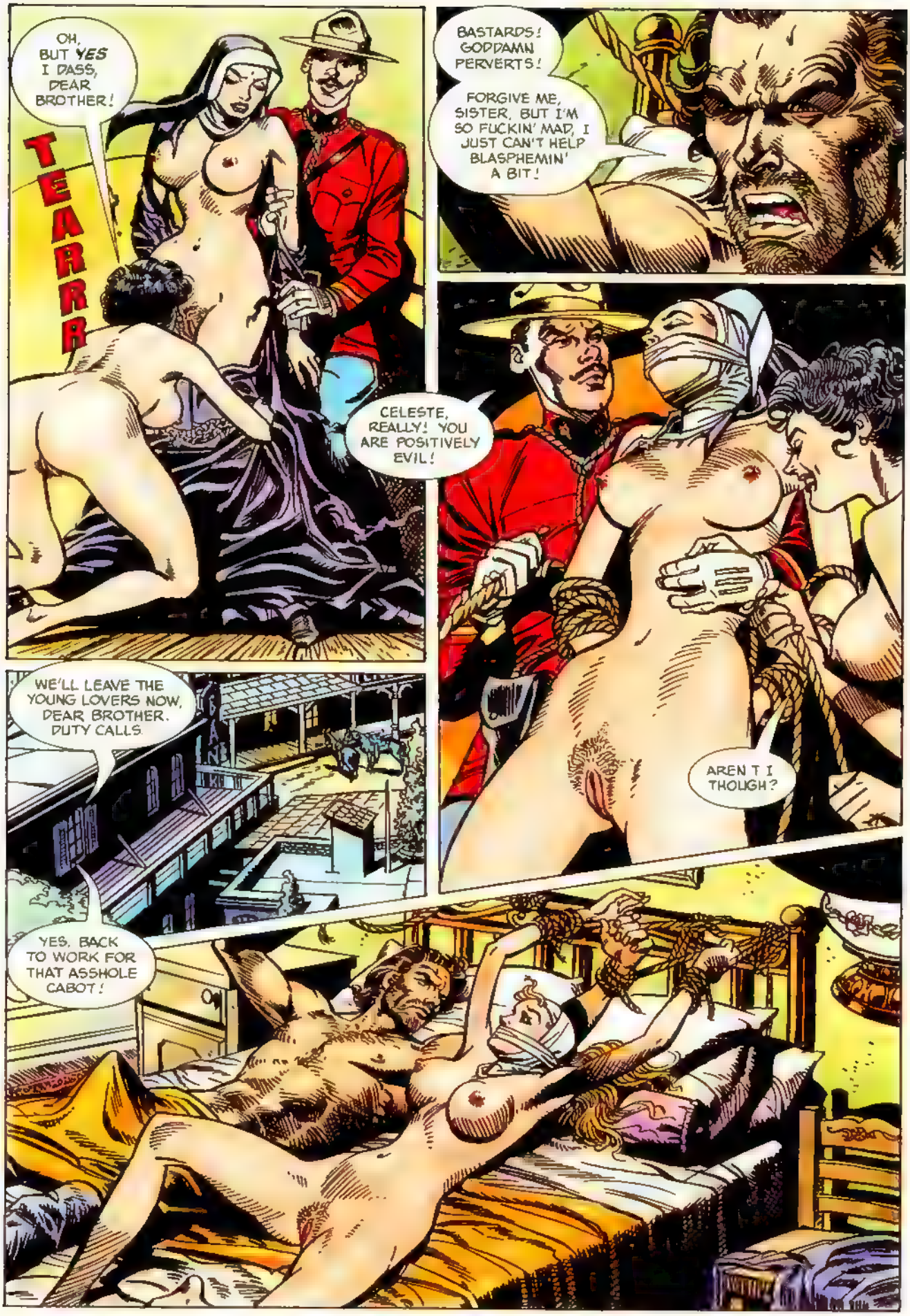
THAT HURT!
GOOD! AND AS FOR YOU, MADAM...
OFFICER CELESTE DUPREZ .. OF THE NORTHWEST MOUNTIES! YOU KNOW OUR MOTTO..

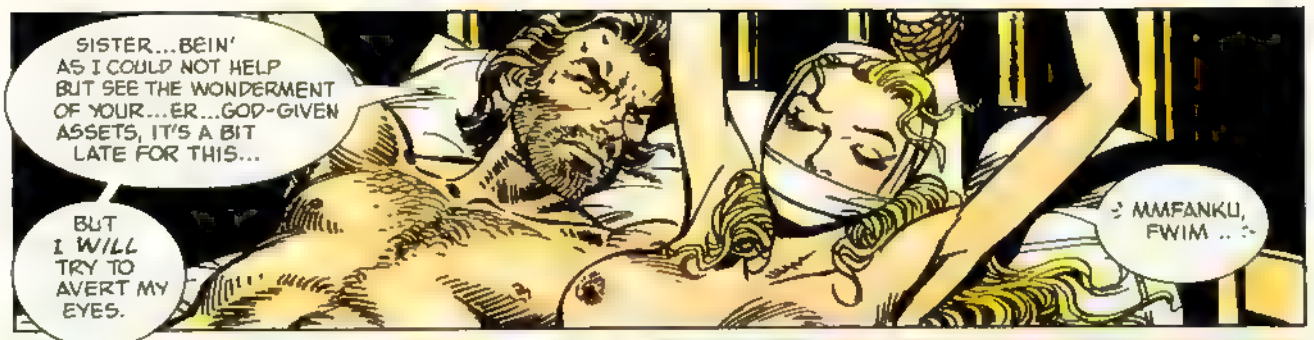
.. WE ALWAYS GET OUR MAN!
OWW! NOT AGAIN!


MOUNT YOUR OWN MAN, SLUT!
EDMUND, YOU TWIT! WHERE ARE YOU?!

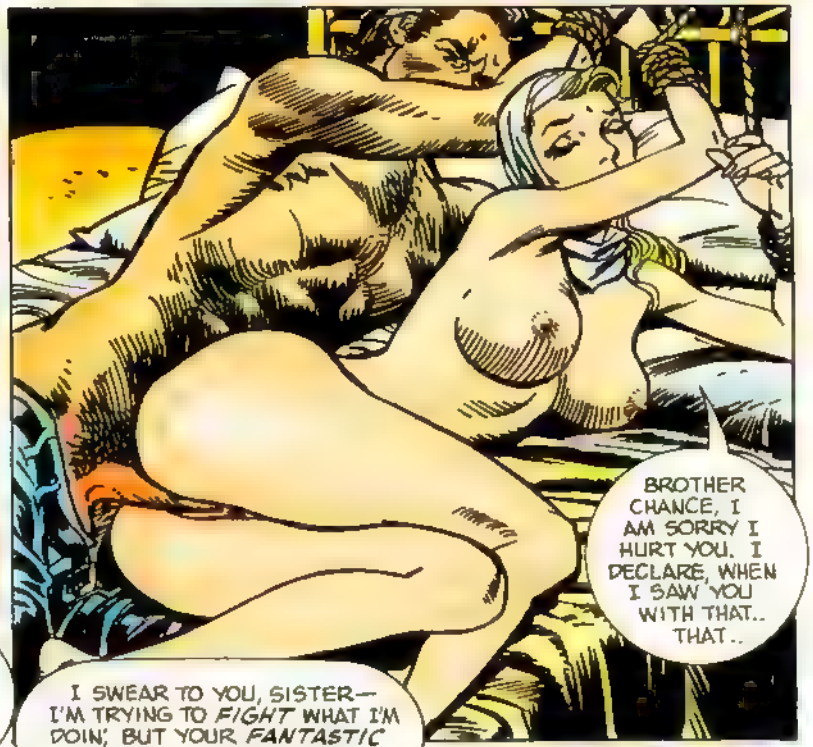
HOLD HER RIGHT THERE!
REALLY, SISTER JOAN! A WOMAN OF THE CLOTH!
LET'S HAVE A LOOK UNDER THAT HOLY CLOTH.

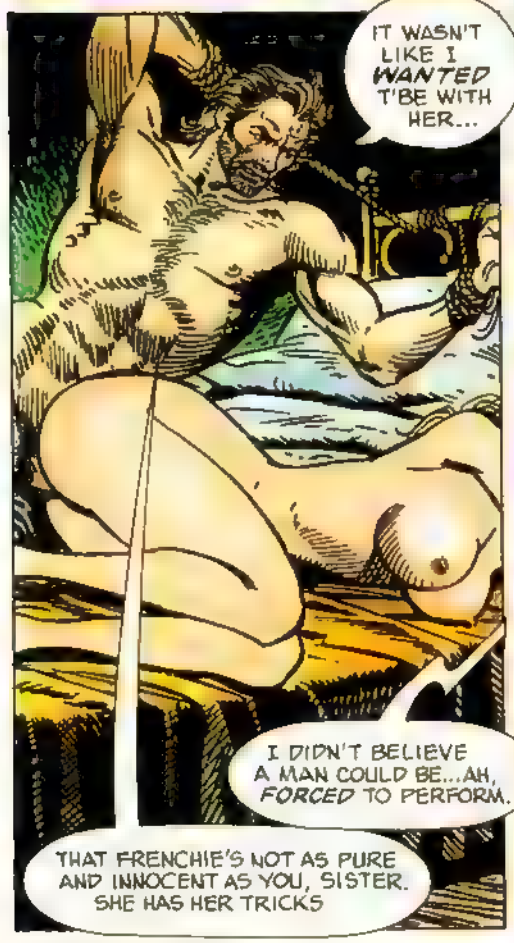
CELESTE, NO!
RRRRRIP
YOU DASSN'T...


OH, BUT YES I DASS, DEAR BROTHER!
TEARRR
BASTARDS! GODDAMN PERVERTS!
FORGIVE ME, SISTER, BUT I'M SO FUCKIN' MAD, I JUST CAN'T HELP BLASPHEMIN' A BIT!
CELESTE, REALLY! YOU ARE POSITIVELY EVIL!
AREN T I THOUGH?
WE'LL LEAVE THE YOUNG LOVERS NOW, DEAR BROTHER. DUTY CALLS.
YES, BACK TO WORK FOR THAT ASSHOLE CABOT!


SISTER...BEIN' AS I COULD NOT HELP BUT SEE THE WONDERMENT OF YOUR...ER...GOD-GIVEN ASSETS, IT'S A BIT LATE FOR THIS...
BUT I *WILL* TRY TO AVERT MY EYES.
:: MMFANKU, FWIM .. ::

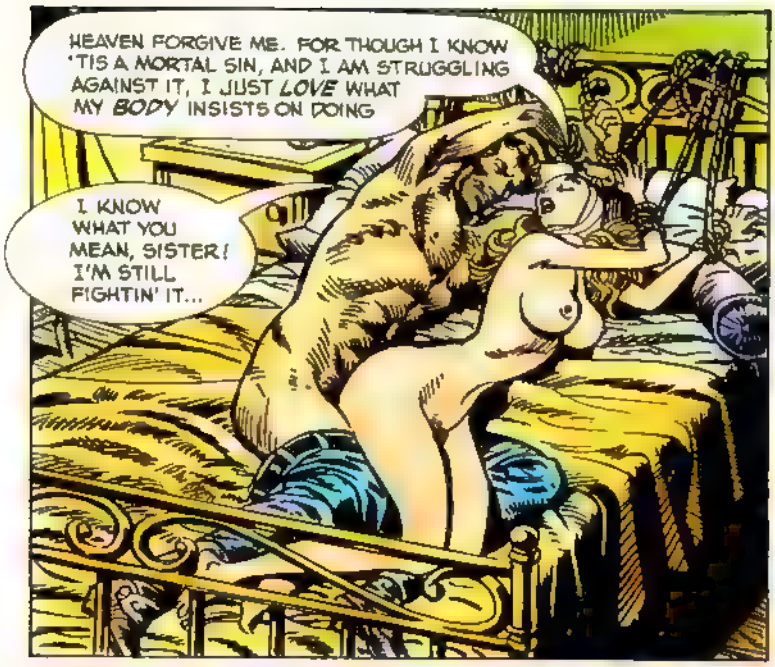
LET ME HELP ...THERE!
OH...THANK YOU, BROTHER CHANCE!


BROTHER CHANCE, I AM SORRY I HURT YOU. I DECLARE, WHEN I SAW YOU WITH THAT.. THAT..


IT WASN'T LIKE I *WANTED* T'BE WITH HER...
I DIDN'T BELIEVE A MAN COULD BE...AH, *FORCED* TO PERFORM.
THAT FRENCHIE'S NOT AS PURE AND INNOCENT AS YOU, SISTER. SHE HAS HER TRICKS

I SWEAR TO YOU, SISTER— I'M TRYING TO *FIGHT* WHAT I'M DOIN', BUT YOUR *FANTASTIC* BODY JUST KEEPS MAKIN' IT HARDER AND HARDER...
OHHHH-OH, YE-E-ES!

FORGIVE ME, SISTER, BUT *UNHH*... M-MY BODY JUST *UNNHUH*...TAKES OVER...
I KNOW, BROTHER... IT'S AN *INVOLUNTARY REACTION!* LIKE THE SLITHERING, ROLLING, *PULSING* SENSATION IN MY HIPS RIGHT NOW.


HEAVEN FORGIVE ME. FOR THOUGH I KNOW 'TIS A MORTAL SIN, AND I AM STRUGGLING AGAINST IT, I JUST LOVE WHAT MY BODY INSISTS ON DOING
I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN, SISTER! I'M STILL FIGHTIN' IT...

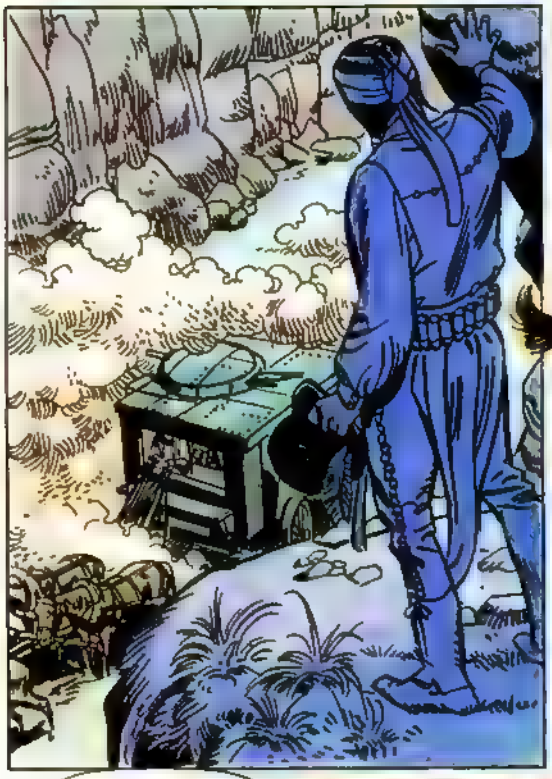
AND IT'S STILL GETTIN' HARDER!
OHH-OOOHH, MY GOD! HEAVENLY FATHER, FORGIVE HIM. HE IS AS HELPLESS AS I... THE SPIRIT FIGHTS...

...BUT THE FLESH IS WE— EEEEEE-EAK!!!

OHH, BROTHER CHANCE... I WILL PRAY FOR BOTH OUR SOULS...
BUT RIGHT NOW I WISH MY HANDS WERE FREE TO HOLD YOU...

LET'S FIX THAT, SISTER I'D SURE ENJOY SOME LAYIN' ON O' THE HANDS RIGHT NOW!

HOLD YER FIRE, BOYS! WE'RE READY!
HA! JUST LET McLAIN TRY TAKIN' THIS HELLWAGON! HAHAHAHA..



A DRY RUN, EH? I WAS A'FEARED OLD CABOT'D CAUGHT US NAPPIN', APACHE JOE.
NAW, MAC. JUST SHOWIN' OFF HIS FIREPOWER— T' SCARE US OFF IS MY GUESS.
LET'S GO SEE YOUR YARB LADY, APACHE —AN' FIND OUT WHEN HE IS GONNA MAKE HIS MOVE!

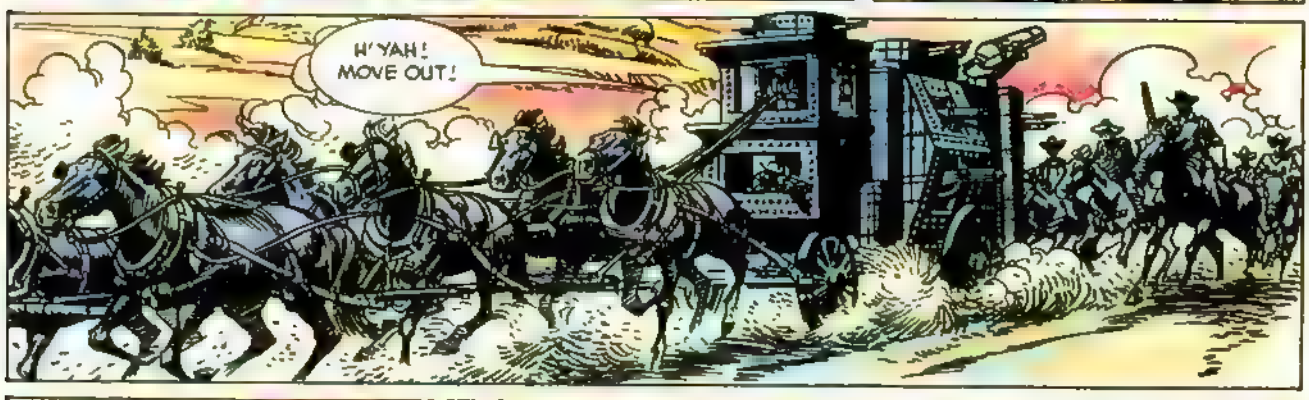
EYE OF NEWT, SPERM OF TOAD... GALL OF SLUG... FORETELL, FOREBODE! A MIGHTY WAGON... SMASHED AND BROKEN... AND NOW THE STORY'S CLEAR FORESPOKEN...
IT IS...? YOU CAN TELL US WHEN...?

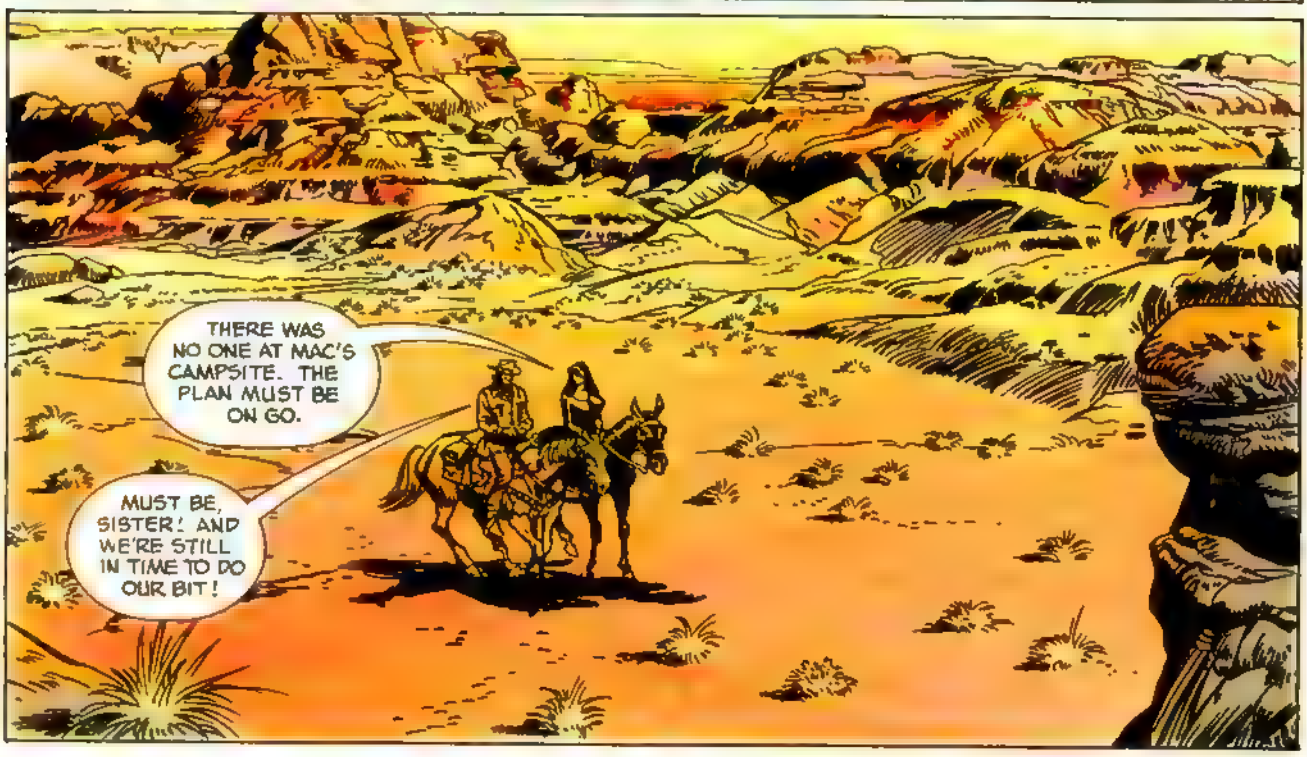
PLAN AND WORK THIS VERY NIGHT, THE GOLD WILL ROLL AT DAWN'S FIRST LIGHT!

SORRY IT TOOK ALL NIGHT TO WORK THOSE BONDS FREE, SISTER. IT'S NOT LIKE I WUZ *TRYIN'* T' PROLONG MY SINFUL PLEASURE.
NO, NO, BROTHER CHANCE IT IS *I* WHO MUST APOLOGIZE! I DID LITTLE TO *HELP* YOU TO FIGHT OFF THE WICKED AND *INVOLUNTARY* ACTS OUR *BODIES* COMMITTED.

I DARESAY, I AM ASHAMED OF THE PLEASURE IT GAVE ME! I CAN SEE NOW WHY WICKEDNESS IS SO WIDESPREAD!
I MAY NEVER GET TO *ENJOY* SINNIN' SO MUCH AGAIN... I MEAN, YOU BEIN' A NUN AN' ALL...

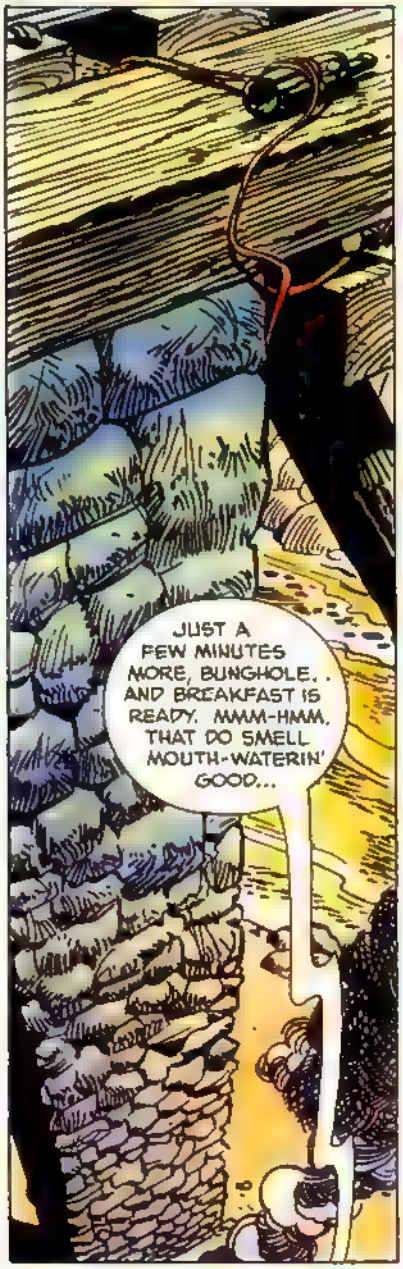
BROTHER CHANCE, YOU KNOW YOU ARE BEING JUST PLAIN DEVILISH... FIRING ME UP WITH FLATTERY!
THERE NOW, I'VE MENDED MY FROCK. PLEASE, SIR, IF YOU WILL BE SO KIND AS NOT TO TURN AND LOOK...


H' YAH! MOVE OUT!

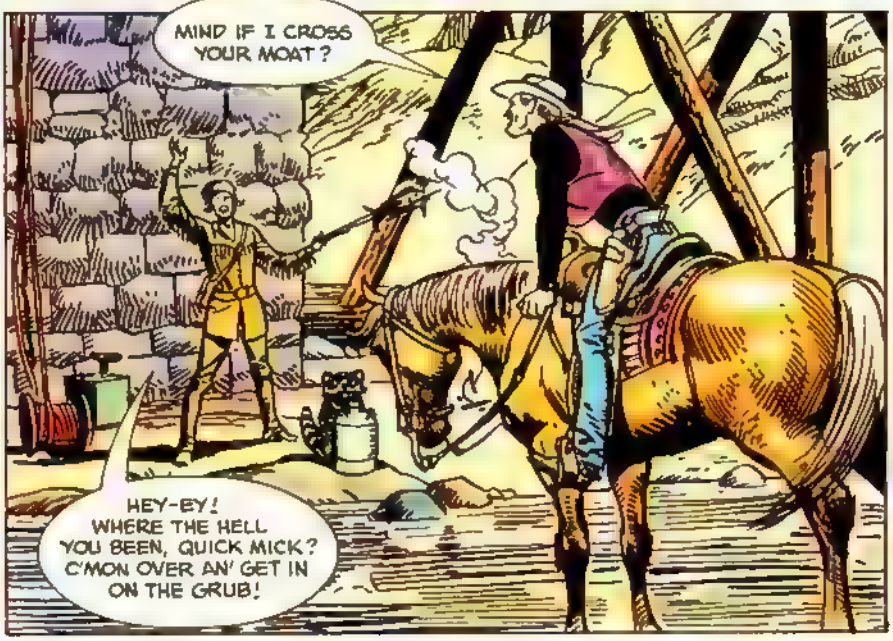

THERE WAS NO ONE AT MAC'S CAMPSITE. THE PLAN MUST BE ON GO.
MUST BE, SISTER! AND WE'RE STILL IN TIME TO DO OUR BIT!

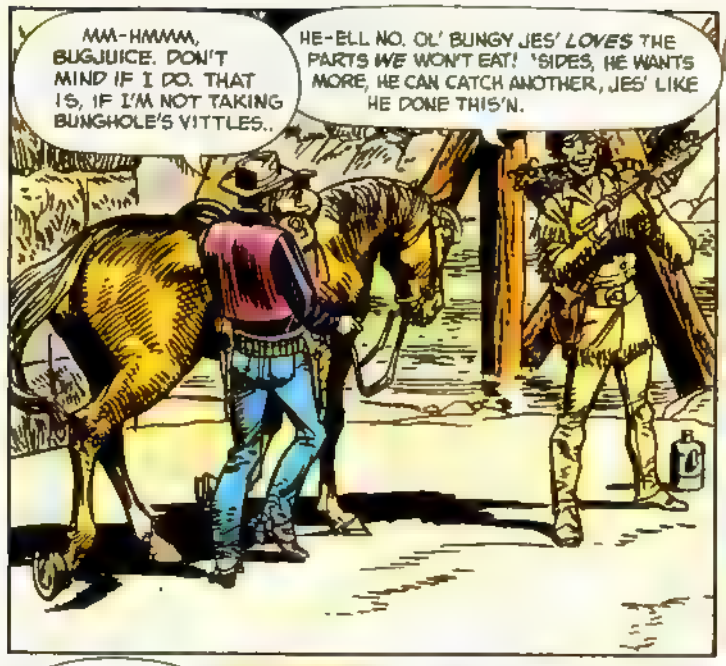
HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT?
HAVE A LOOK, SISTER. SEE THAT RAILWAY TRESTLE DOWNRIVER?

YES?
IF WE WERE TOO LATE, THAT BRIDGE WOULDN'T STILL BE THERE!

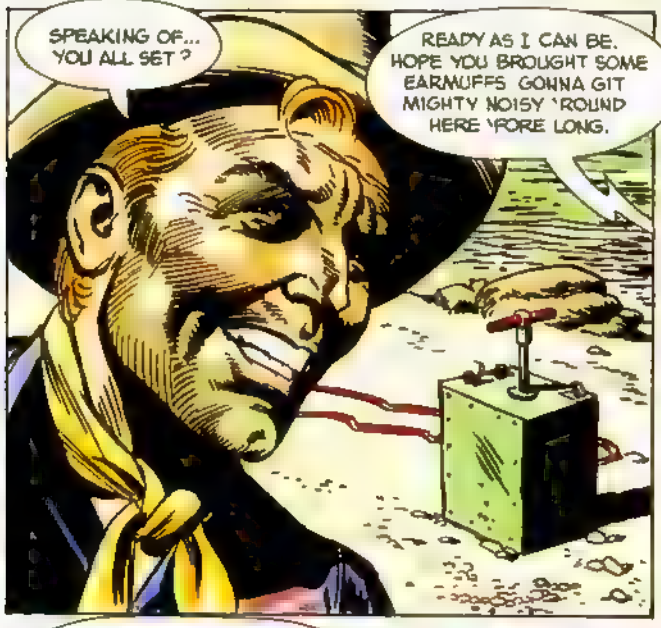

JUST A FEW MINUTES MORE, BUNGHOLE.. AND BREAKFAST IS READY. MMM-HMM, THAT DO SMELL MOUTH-WATERIN' GOOD...

WHILE I'S SAUTEEIN' THIS LI'L FELLA, WHY DON'T YOU GET A BIT SAUTEED ON THIS HERE JUG O' TENNESSEE MOUNTAIN JUICE ...EH, BUNGHOLE?
HELLO, THE CASTLE...

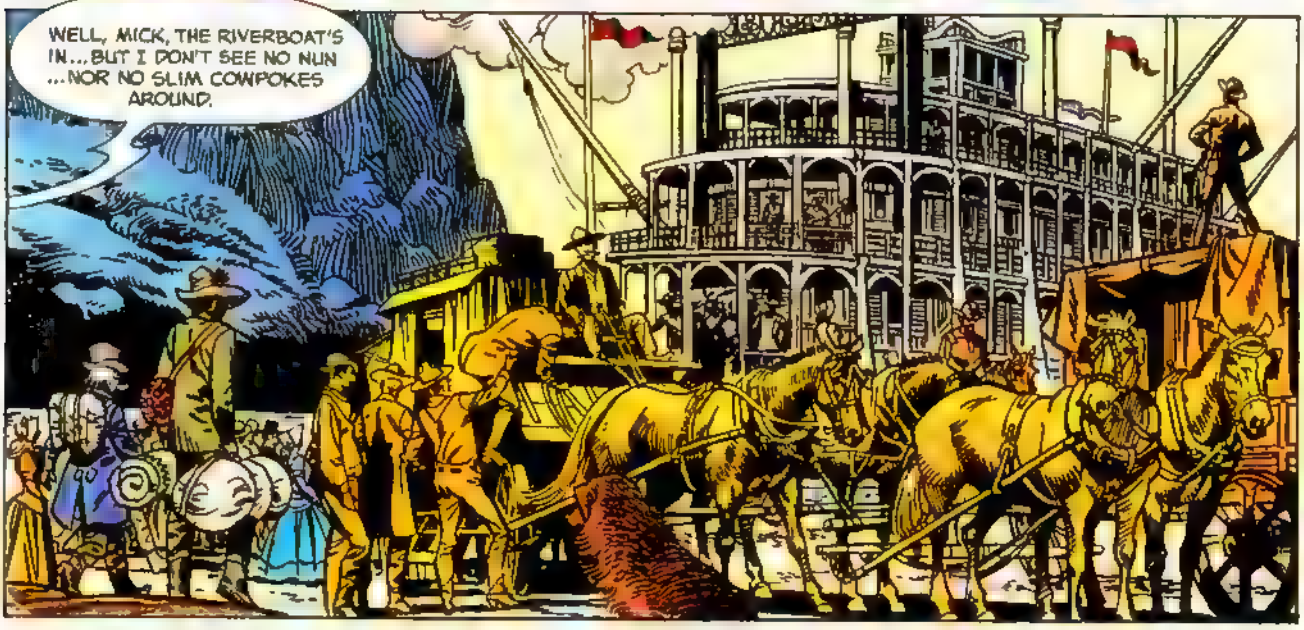

MIND IF I CROSS YOUR MOAT?
HEY-EY! WHERE THE HELL YOU BEEN, QUICK MICK? C'MON OVER AN' GET IN ON THE GRUB!

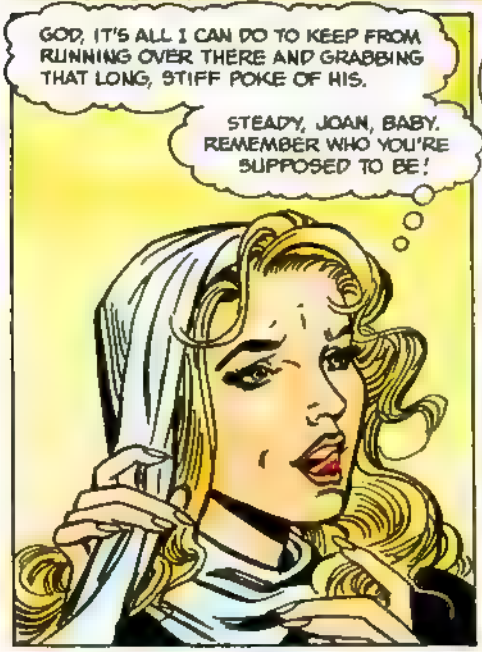

MM-HMMM, BUGJUICE. DON'T MIND IF I DO. THAT IS, IF I'M NOT TAKING BUNGHOLE'S VITTLES..
HE-ELL NO. OL' BUNGY JES' LOVES THE PARTS WE WON'T EAT! 'SIDES, HE WANTS MORE, HE CAN CATCH ANOTHER, JES' LIKE HE DONE THIS'N.

CLEVER RASCAL.
DON'T KNOW HOW I'D DO WITHOUT THE LI'L FELLA. 'SPECIALLY HANDLIN' THE NITRO! Y'KNOW, THAT STUFF DON'T HARDLY MIX WITH MY MOUNTAIN JUICE.

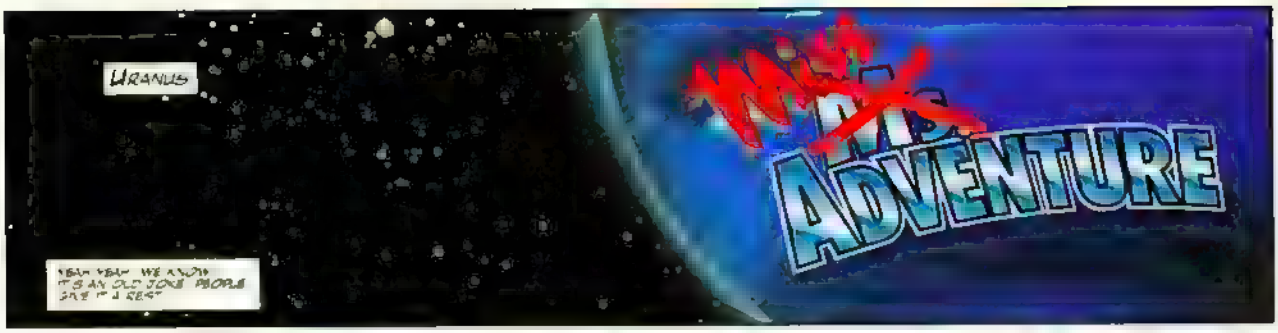

SPEAKING OF... YOU ALL SET ?
READY AS I CAN BE. HOPE YOU BROUGHT SOME EARMUFFS GONNA GIT MIGHTY NOISY 'ROUND HERE 'FORE LONG.

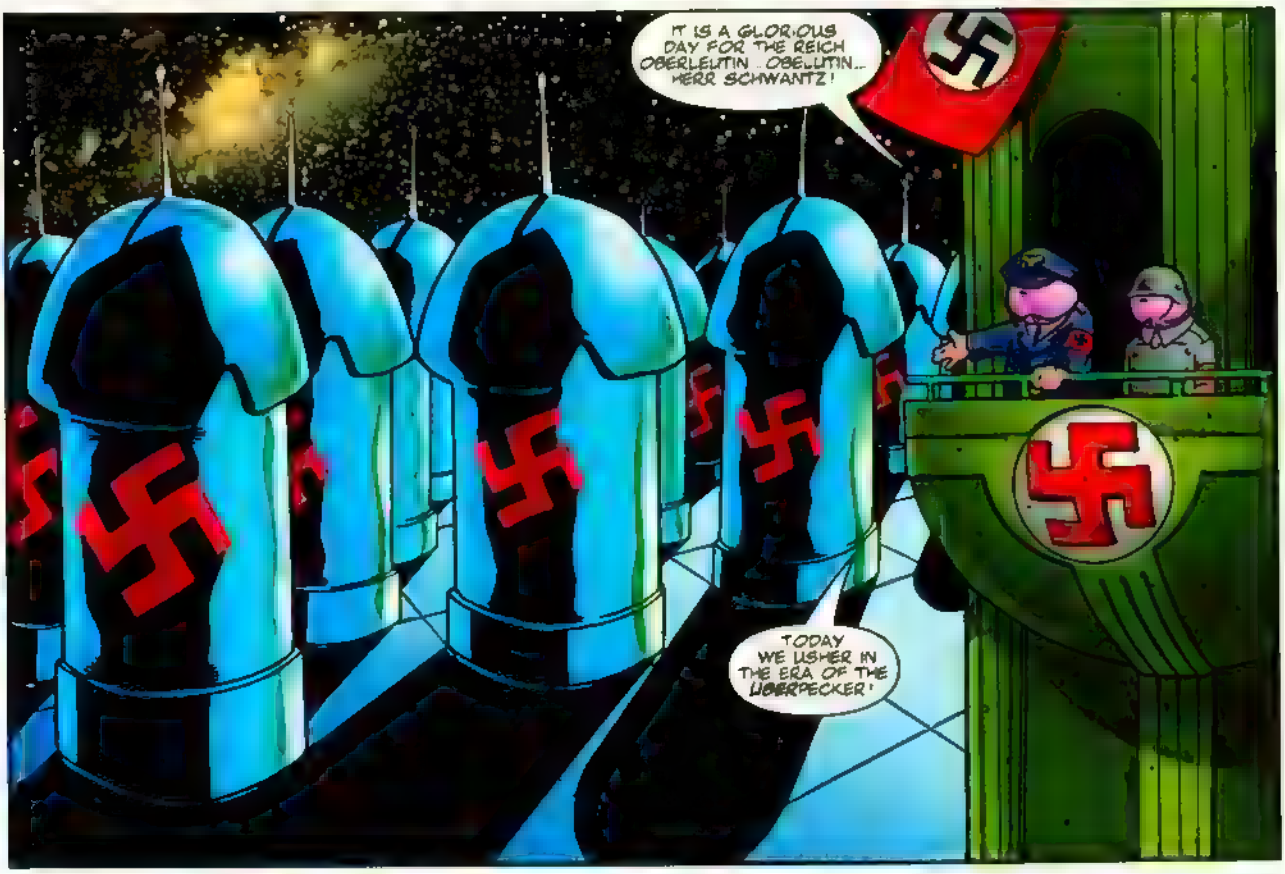
WHAT'S 'AT Y'LOOKIN' FER, MICK ?
JUST CHECKING TO SEE IF SLIM AND THE NUN ARE UP AT THE LANDIN' WHERE THEY SHOULD BE.


WELL, MICK, THE RIVERBOAT'S IN... BUT I DON'T SEE NO NUN ...NOR NO SLIM COWPOKES AROUND.

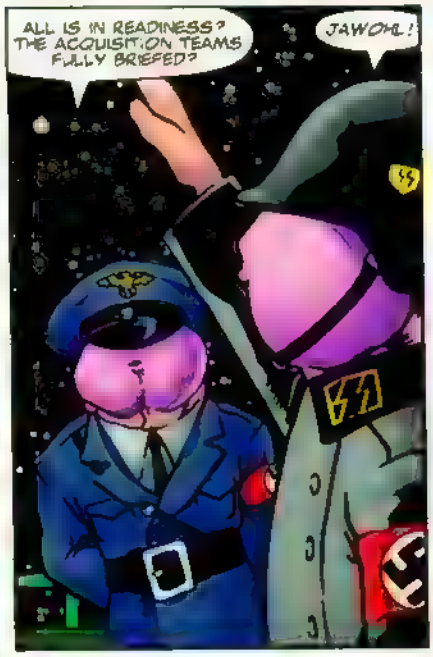


TO BE CONTINUED...


URANUS
ADVENTURE


IT IS A GLORIOUS DAY FOR THE REICH OBERLEUTIN OBELUTIN... HERR SCHWANTZ!
TODAY WE USHER IN THE ERA OF THE ÜBERPECKER!

THE TERRAN FEMALE'S ENHANCED GENETIC STRUCTURE WILL BREED THE FIRST OF A MASTER RACE!


ALL IS IN READINESS? THE ACQUISITION TEAMS FULLY BRIEFED?
JAWOHL!

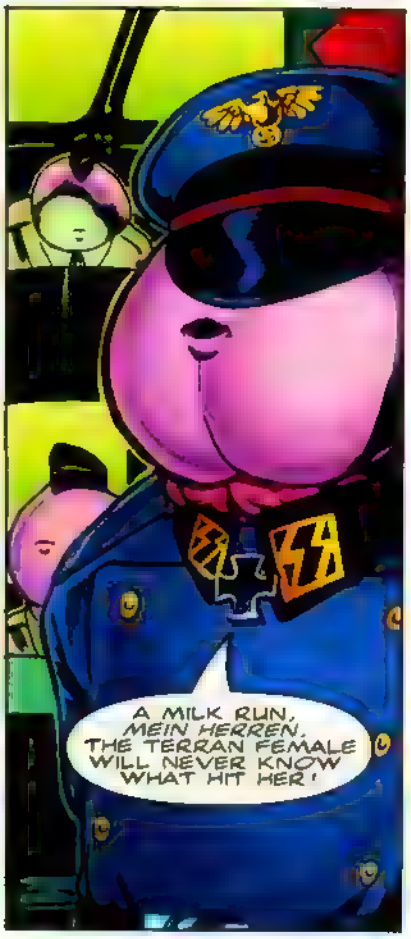
LET THE LAUNCH SEQUENCE COMMENCE!
MMM, BOY! GONNA GIT US SOME!

WHIRR
KLIK!

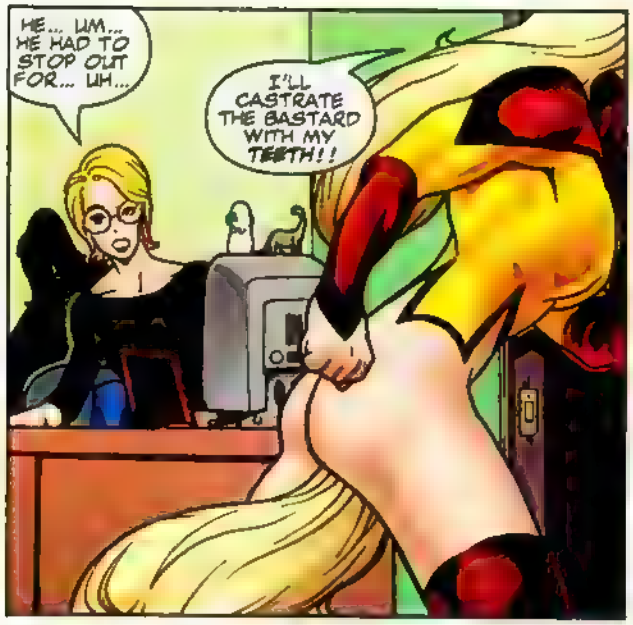
SHOOKA SHO
'A SHOOKA

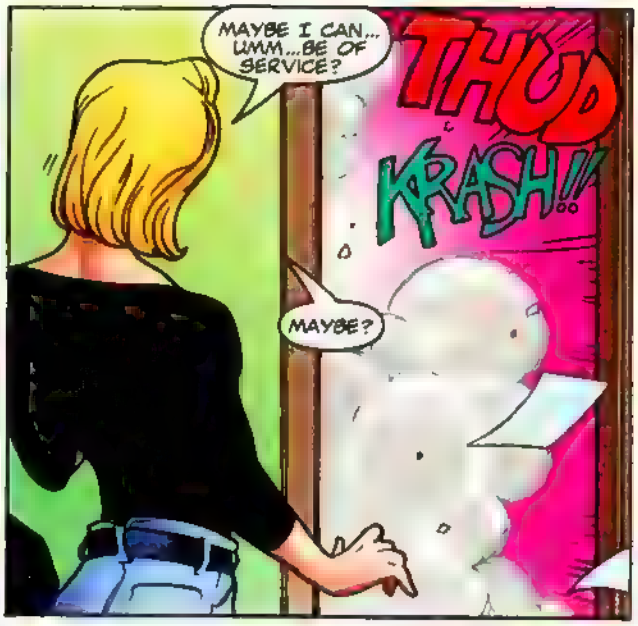
POP!
POP!

CLEARED OF GRAVITATION FIELD.
SET COURSE AT 0.400.
0.400, JAWOHL!

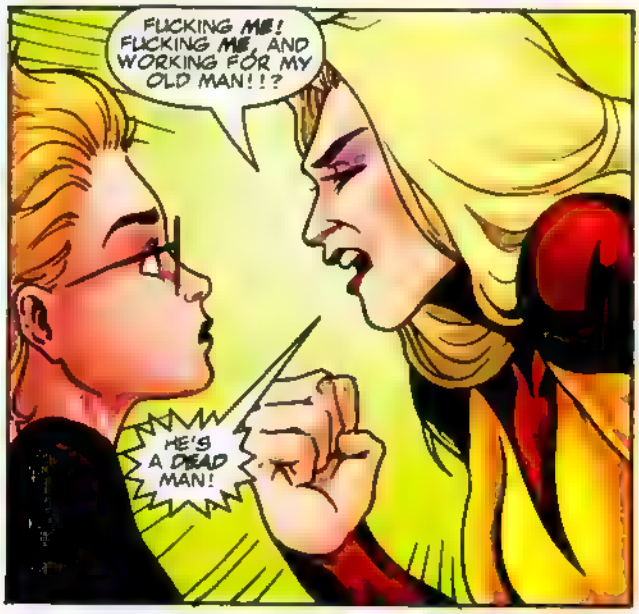

A MILK RUN, MEIN HERREN. THE TERRAN FEMALE WILL NEVER KNOW WHAT HIT HER!

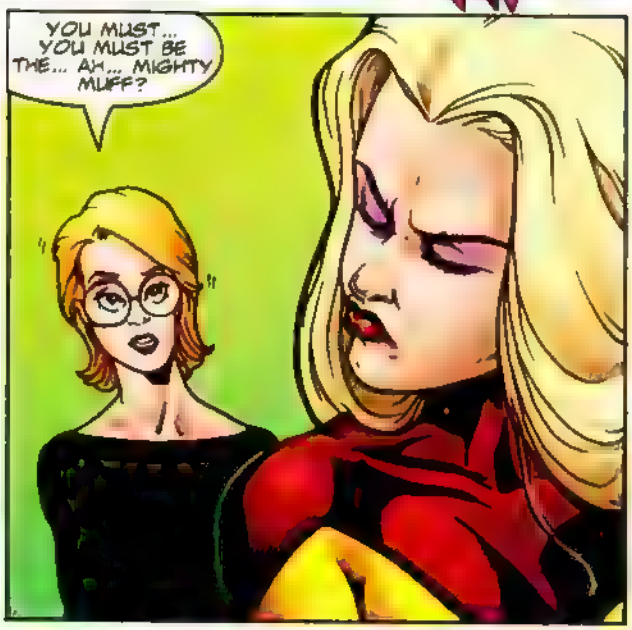
SPEAKING OF WHICH
SLAM!
WHERE IS HE!? WHERE IS THAT NO-GOOD, MOTHERFUCKING SON OF A BITCH!!!
!?!
...prolonged surveillance of the subject confirmed the client's suspicions of an extra-marital affair. Said affair being carried out with the client's three year old golden retriever, Shatzi. photo evidence to be acquired...
"NAZI PENISES FROM OUTER SPACE"!
story: KEITH GIFFEN art: CARY POLKOVITZ
color design: DAN BROWN & MATTHEW PAINE
color rendering: DIGITAL CHAMELEON
lettering: CHRIS ELIOPOULOS


HE... UM... HE HAD TO STOP OUT FOR... UH...
I'LL CASTRATE THE BASTARD WITH MY TEETH!!!

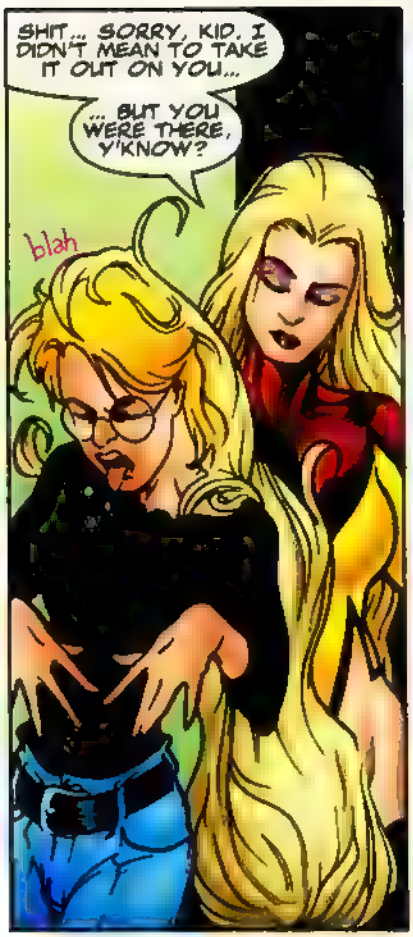

MAYBE I CAN... UMM...BE OF SERVICE?
THUD
KRASH!!
MAYBE?

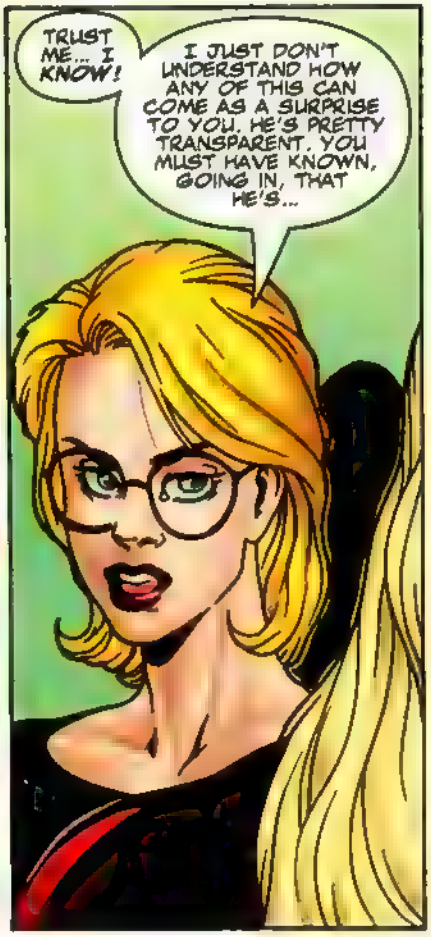
WHOA!


FUCKING ME! FUCKING ME, AND WORKING FOR MY OLD MAN!!?
HE'S A DEAD MAN!

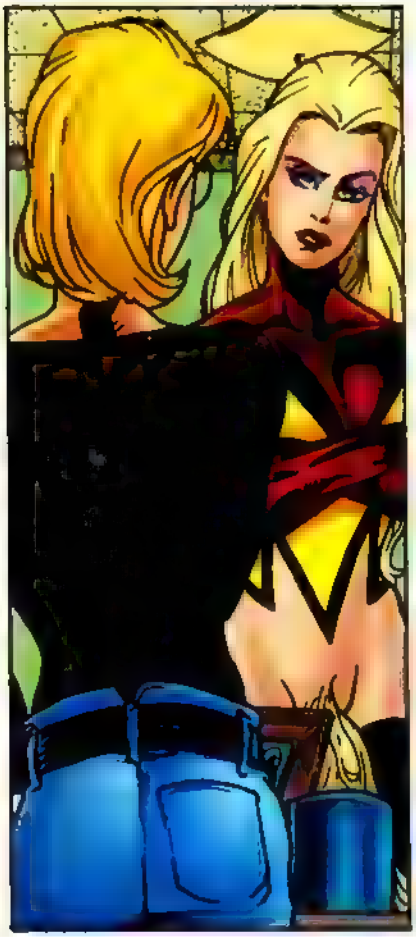

YOU MUST... YOU MUST BE THE... AH... MIGHTY MUFF?

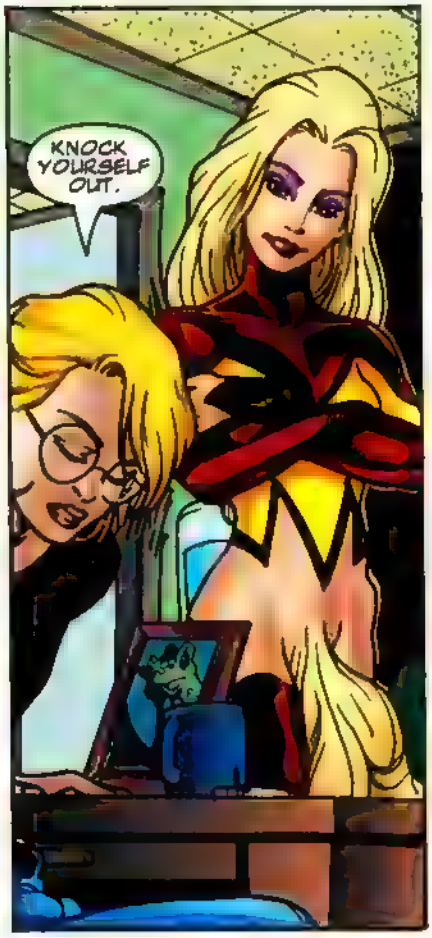
YOU FIGURE IT OUT, SWEETHEART!
F-THUD!

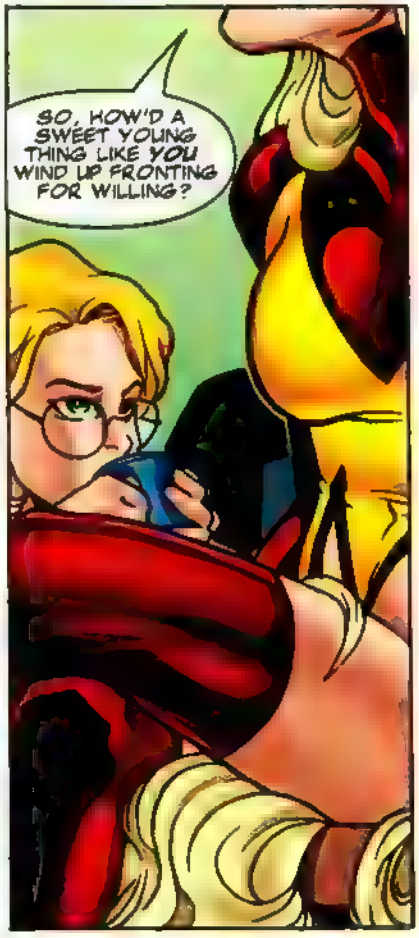

SHIT... SORRY, KID. I DIDN'T MEAN TO TAKE IT OUT ON YOU...
... BUT YOU WERE THERE, Y'KNOW?
blah

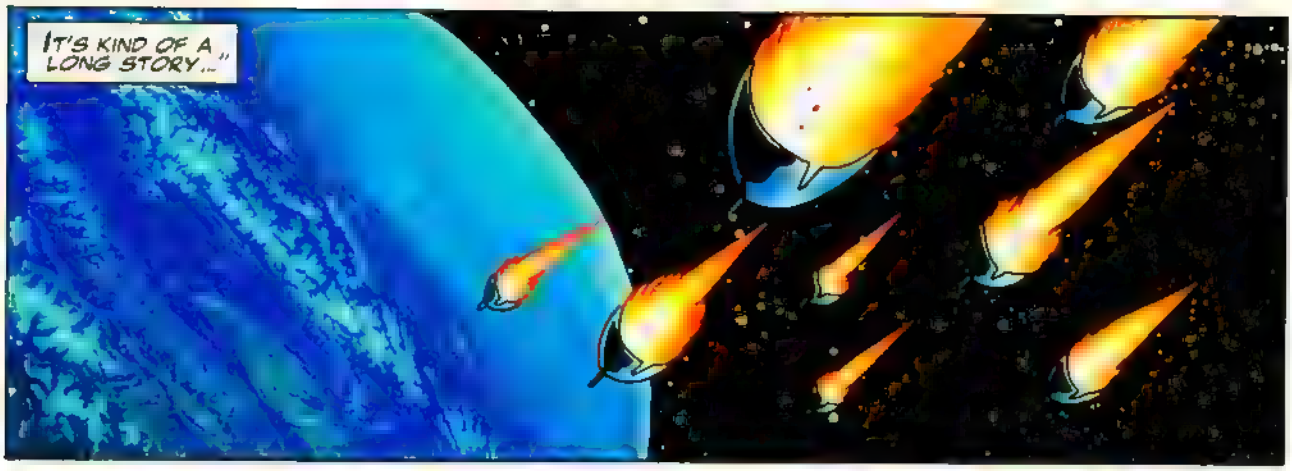

TRUST ME... I KNOW!
I JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW ANY OF THIS CAN COME AS A SURPRISE TO YOU. HE'S PRETTY TRANSPARENT. YOU MUST HAVE KNOWN, GOING IN, THAT HE'S...

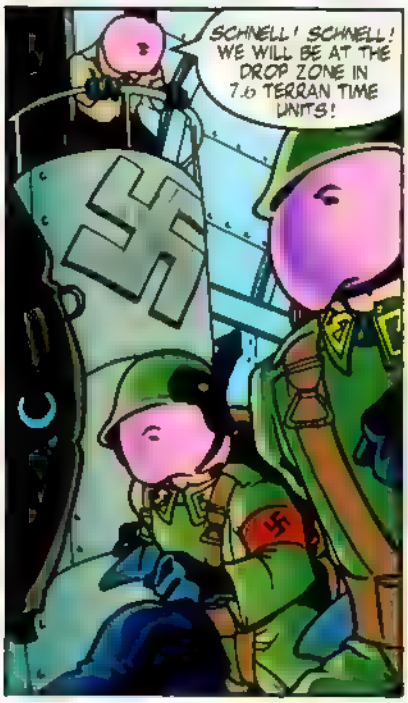
A FUCKING LOUSE? YEAH... I GUESS. BUT HE'S A DAMN CUTE FUCKING LOUSE.
OKAY WITH YOU IF I WAIT HERE, KILL HIM WHEN HE GETS BACK?



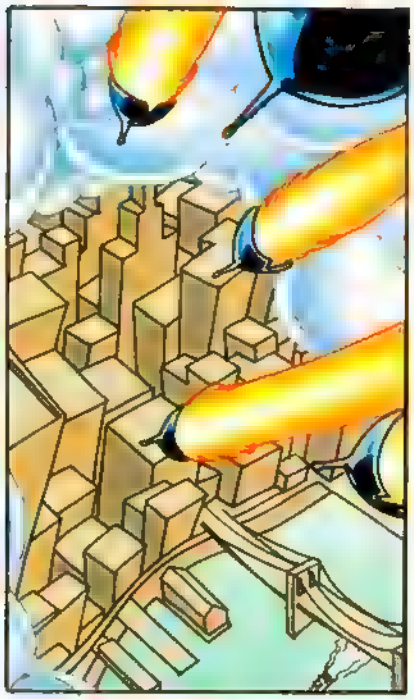

KNOCK YOURSELF OUT.


SO, HOW'D A SWEET YOUNG THING LIKE YOU WIND UP FRONTING FOR WILLING?

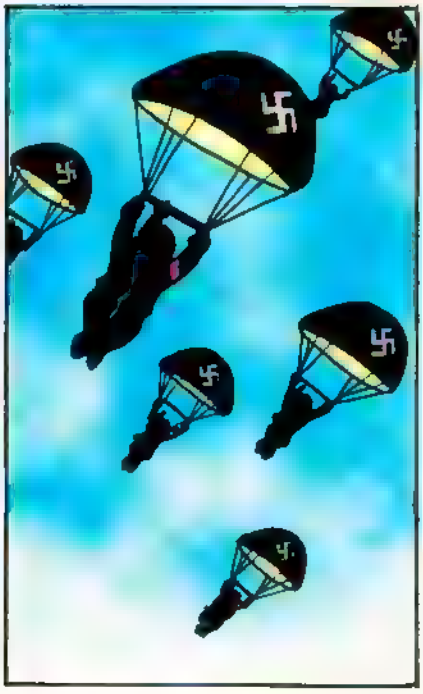

IT'S KIND OF A LONG STORY...

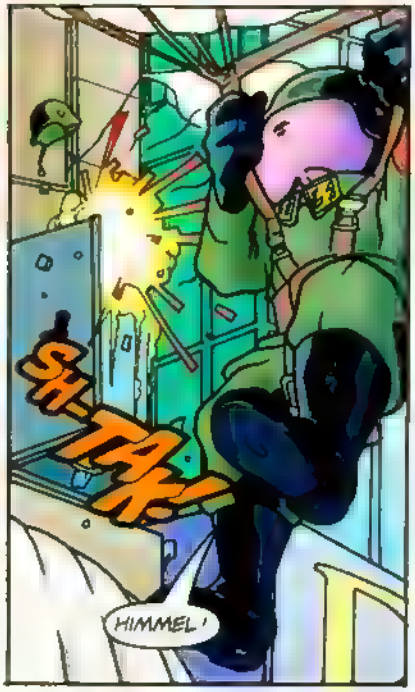

SCHNELL! SCHNELL! WE WILL BE AT THE DROP ZONE IN 7.6 TERRAN TIME UNITS!

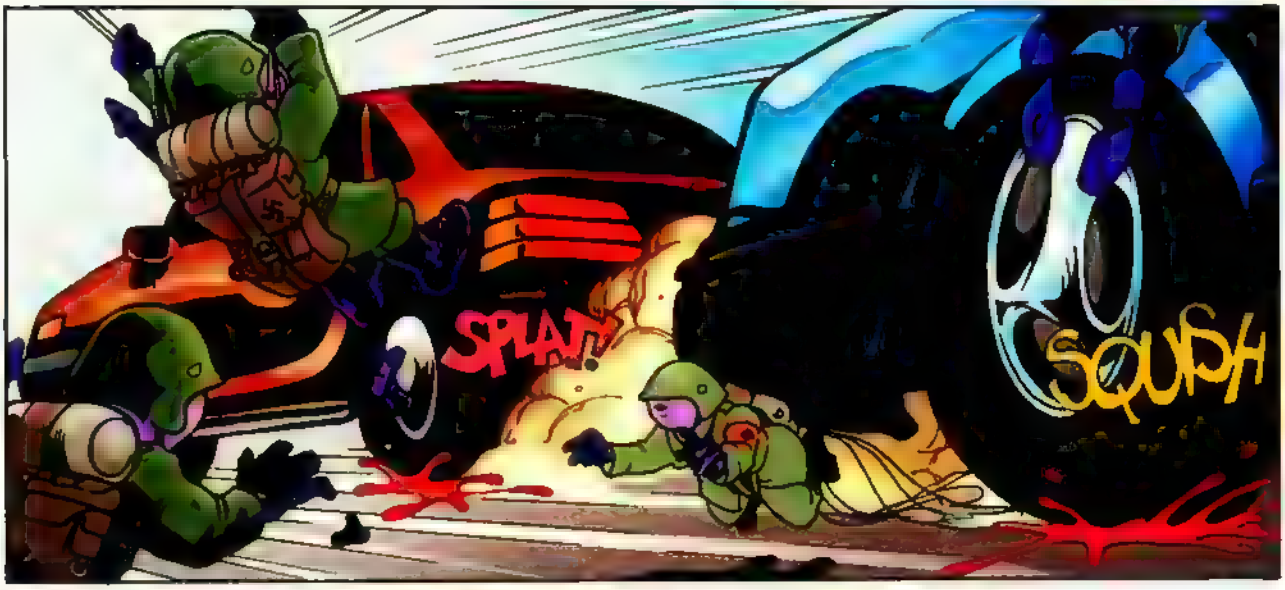
COMMENCE!
TARGET GRID LOCKED!



BRAWWW
BRAWWW
BRAWWW
GO--GO--GO!




SH-TAK!
HIMMEL!


SPLAT!
SQUISH

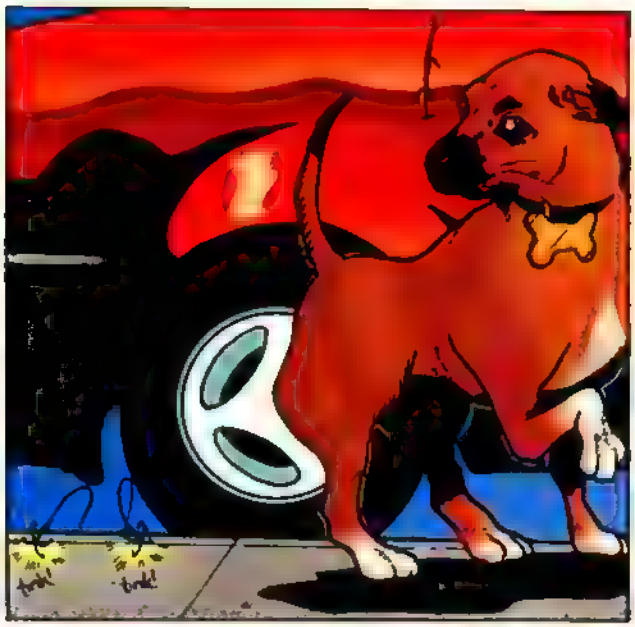
SQUISH!
EEK!
POK!
SHREEK!
YOW!
RUN!
SQUISH!

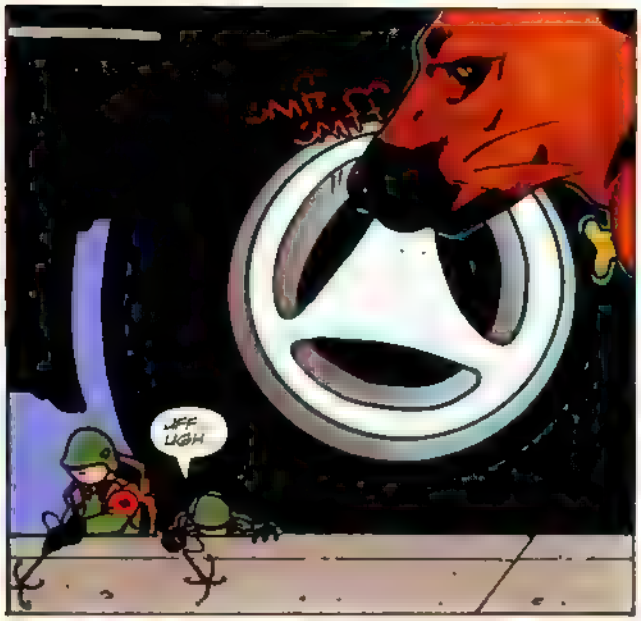
POP!
POK!
KRUNCH!
SQUOSH!

MEIN GOTT! OVER HALF OF THE SQUAD... GONE! JUST LIKE THAT!

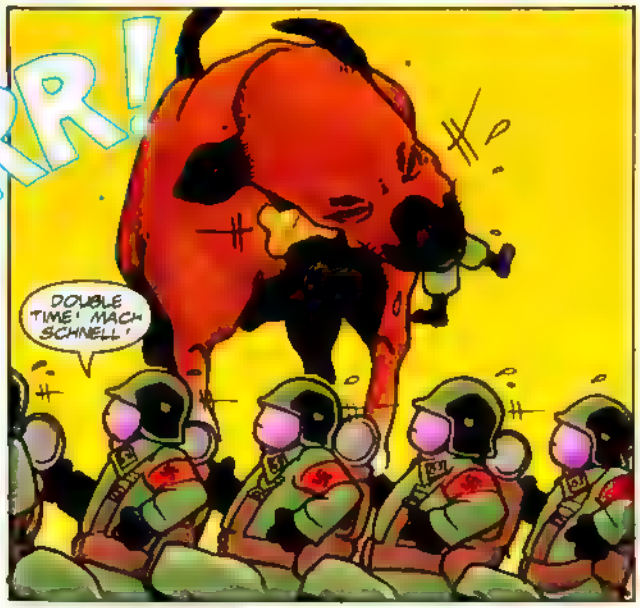
ENOUGH OF THAT! THEY KNEW THE RISKS INVOLVED!
slap!

TIME ENOUGH TO MOURN OUR DEAD AFTER COMPLETION OF OUR MISSION.
DEPLOY GRAPPLING HOOKS!



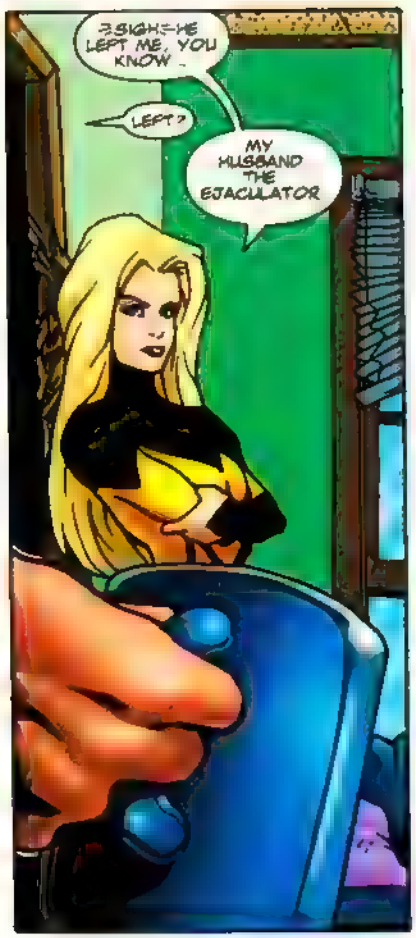

UFF UGH

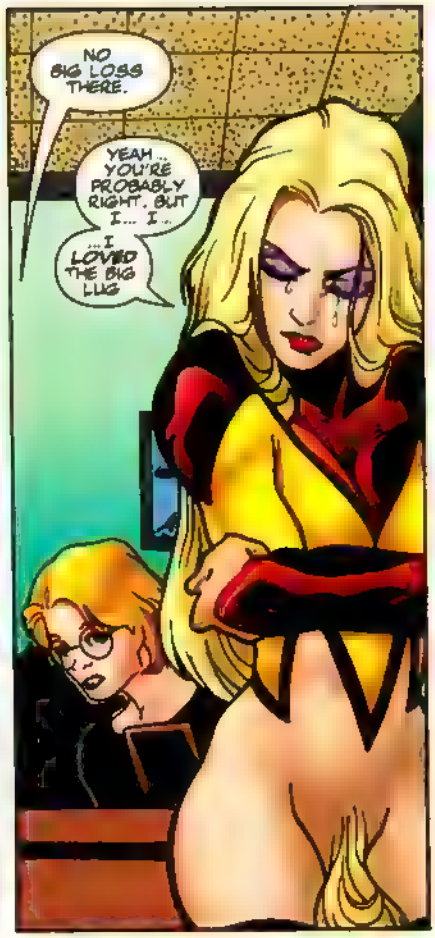
GRRRRRR!

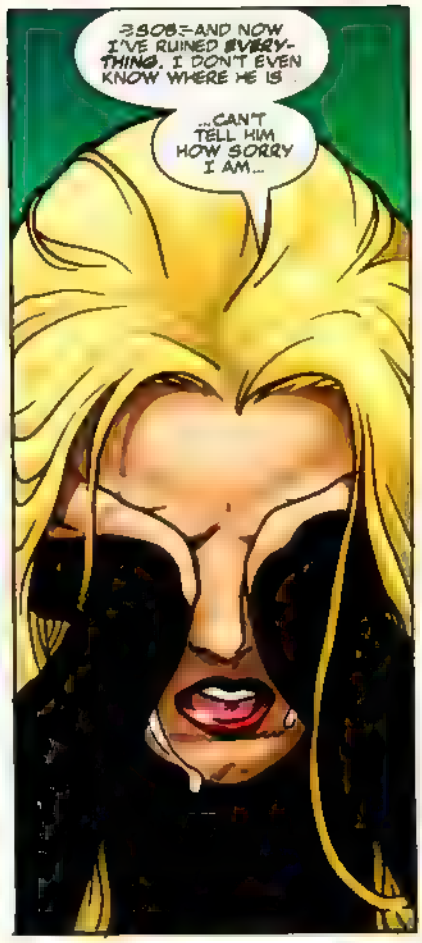

DOUBLE TIME! MACH SCHNELL!

IT GOT FRANZ!
STEADY, PHALL!

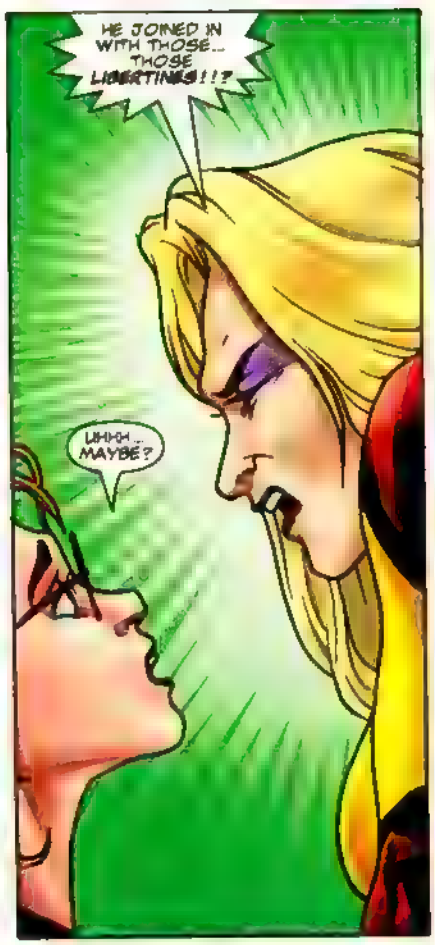
STAY FOCUSED ON OUR OBJECTIVE, BUT KEEP ALERT KOMEN!

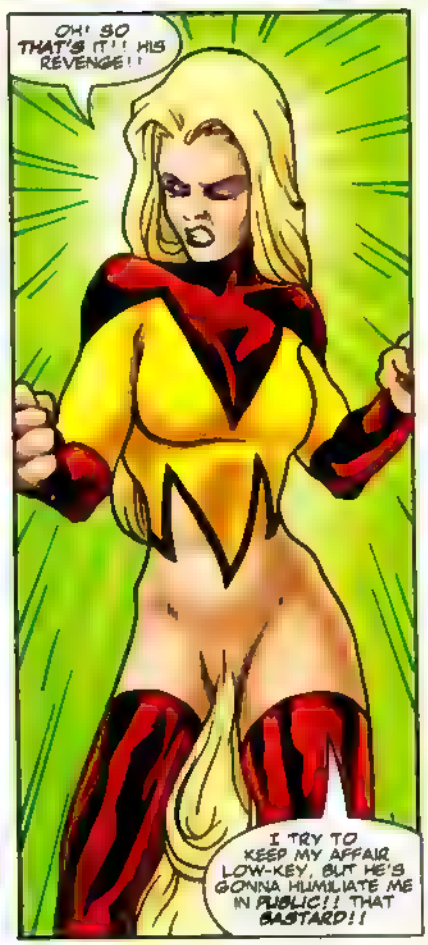

SIGH—HE LEFT ME, YOU KNOW.
LEFT?
MY HUSBAND THE EJACULATOR

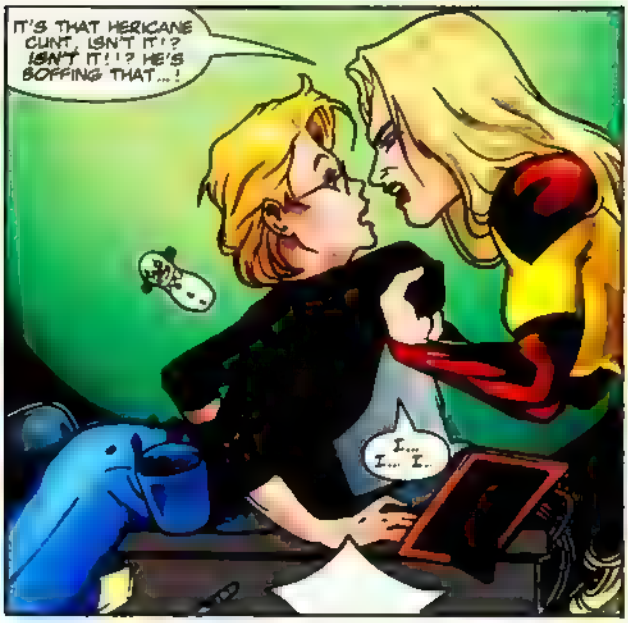

NO BIG LOSS THERE.
YEAH... YOU'RE PROBABLY RIGHT. BUT I... I...
...I LOVED THE BIG LUG

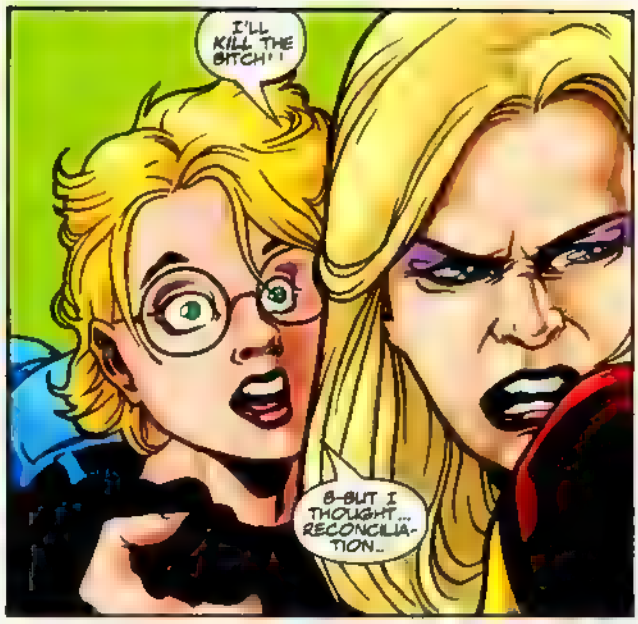

SOB—AND NOW I'VE RUINED EVERYTHING. I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE HE IS.
...CAN'T TELL HIM HOW SORRY I AM...

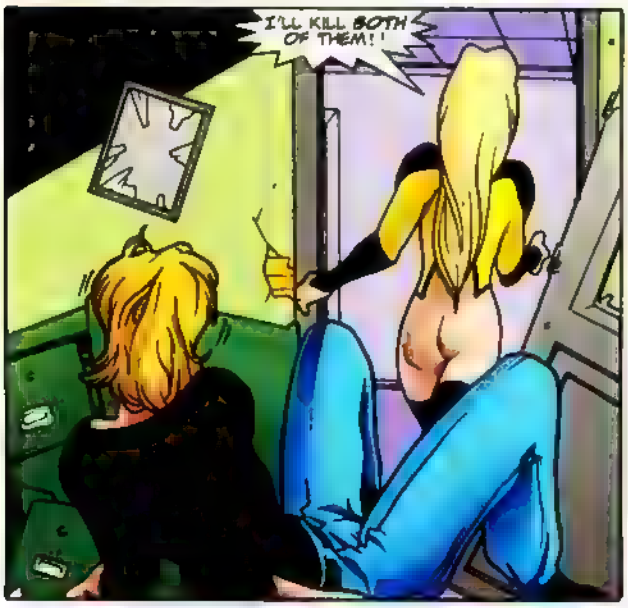
DIDN'T HE TAKE UP WITH THAT TEAM SUPREME OUTFIT?
SNIFF—HE DID? TEAM SUPREME? HE JOINED. ?

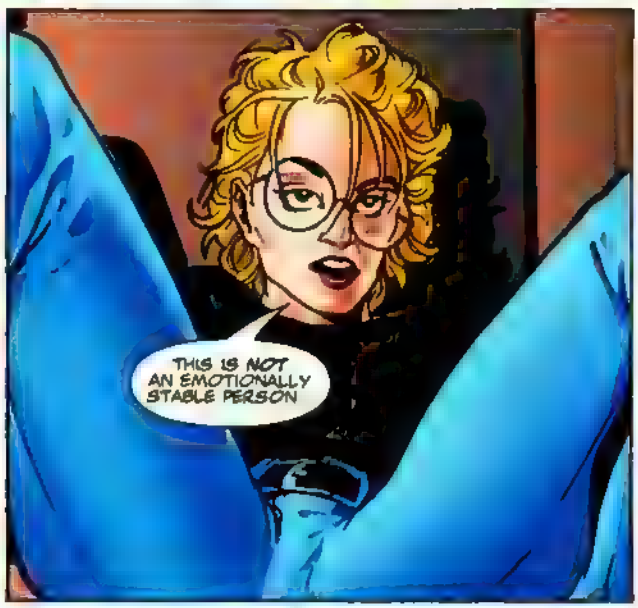

HE JOINED IN WITH THOSE... THOSE LIBERTINES!!?
UHHH... MAYBE?

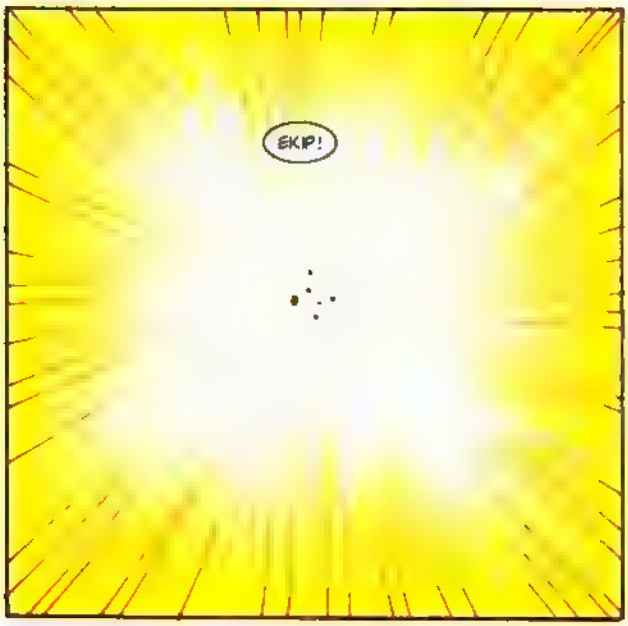

OH! SO THAT'S IT!! HIS REVENGE!!
I TRY TO KEEP MY AFFAIR LOW-KEY, BUT HE'S GONNA HUMILIATE ME IN PUBLIC!! THAT BASTARD!!


IT'S THAT HERICANE CUNT, ISN'T IT!? ISN'T IT!!? HE'S BOFFING THAT...!
I... I... I...

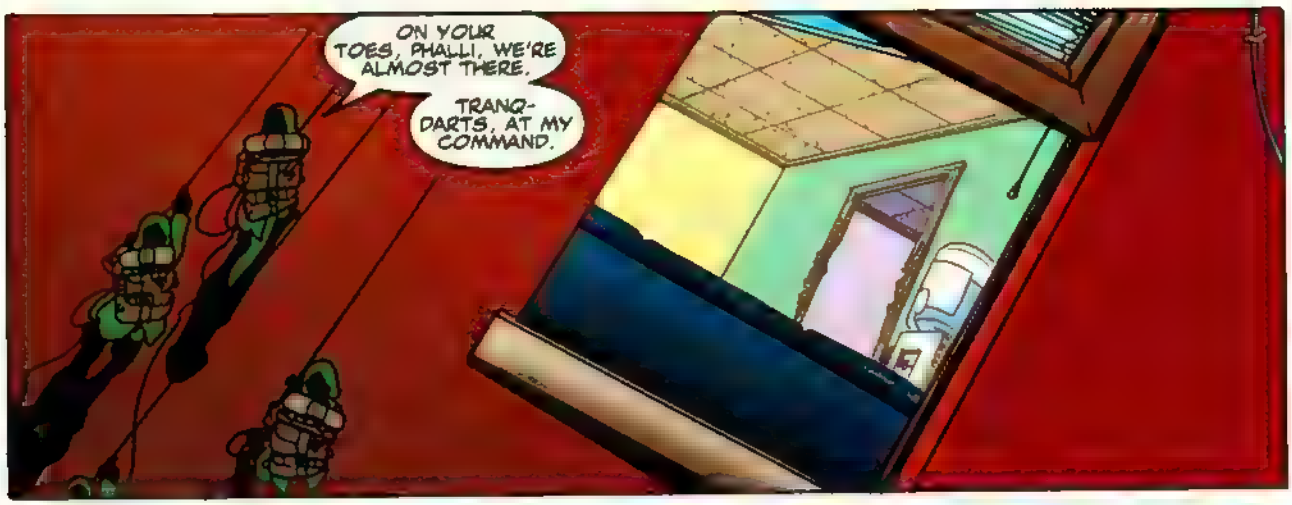

I'LL KILL THE BITCH!!
B-BUT I THOUGHT... RECONCILIA-TION...

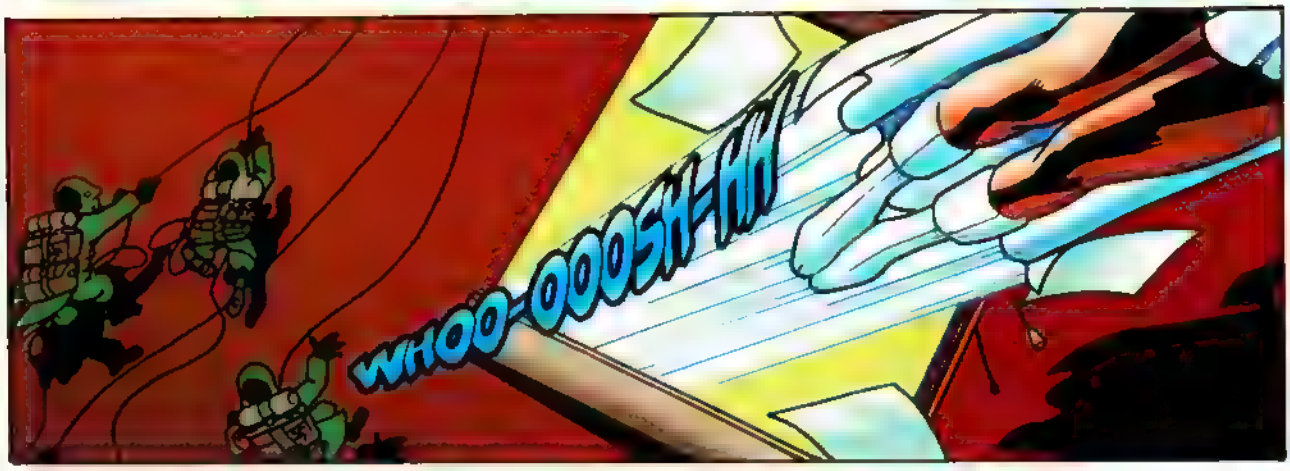

I'LL KILL BOTH OF THEM!!


THIS IS NOT AN EMOTIONALLY STABLE PERSON


EKIP!

EMILY WILL GRIND HER BONES TO DUST IF SHE TRIES ANYTHING.
I'D BETTER TRY TO HEAD OFF THIS "SUICIDE RUN."





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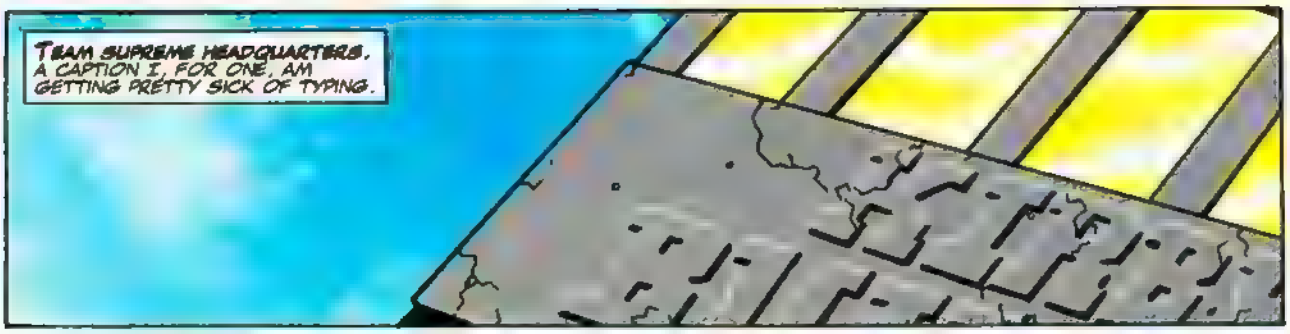
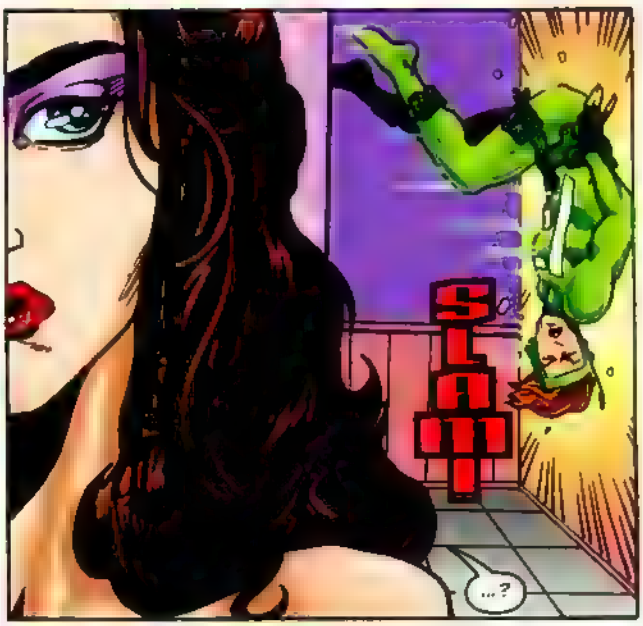
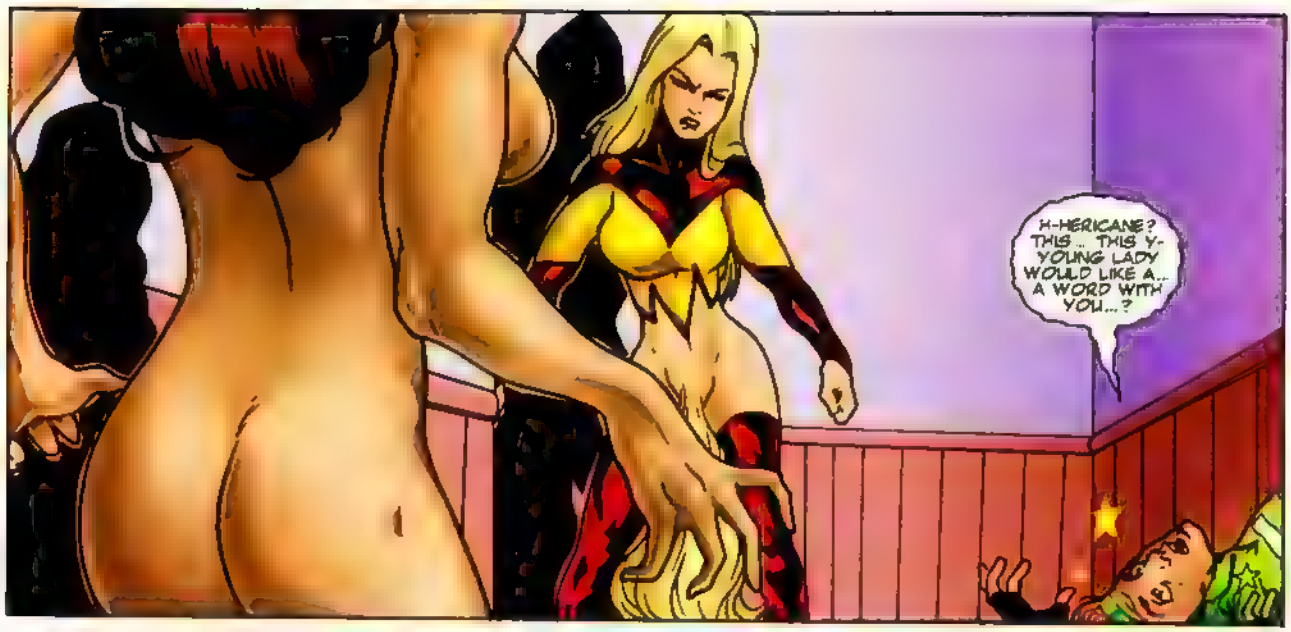
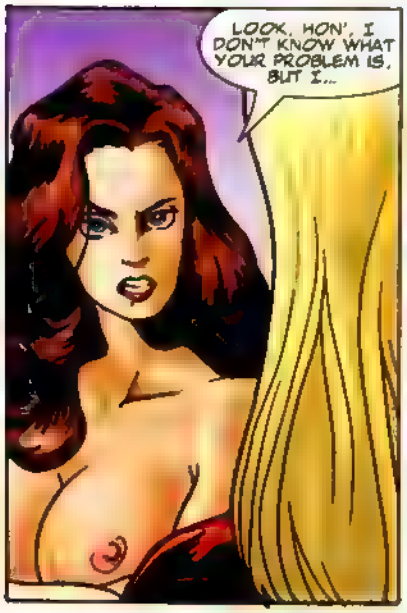

TEAM SUPREME HEADQUARTERS. A CAPTION I, FOR ONE, AM GETTING PRETTY SICK OF TYPING.

SHIT! THEY JUST AREN'T MAKING THESE DAMNED THINGS THE WAY THEY USED TO...

OKAY... TIME TO HUNT DOWN A "VOLUNTEER." BEEN WAY TOO LONG SINCE THE OL' ITCH BEEN SCRATCHED.

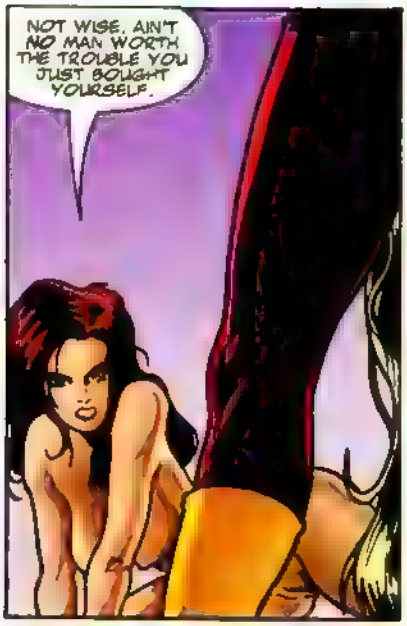

SLAM!
...?


H-HERICANE? THIS... THIS Y-YOUNG LADY WOULD LIKE A... A WORD WITH YOU...?


LOOK, HON', I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR PROBLEM IS, BUT I...

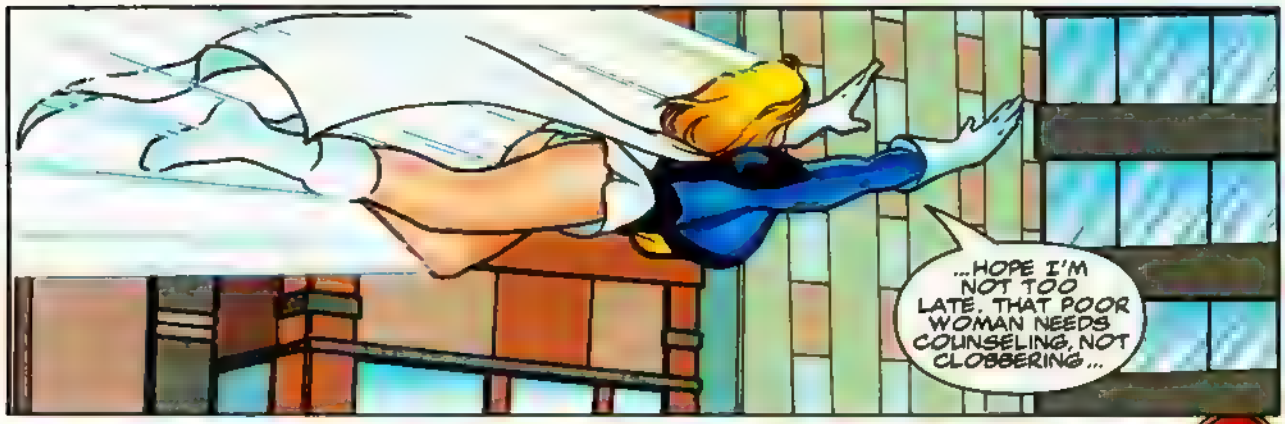
POW

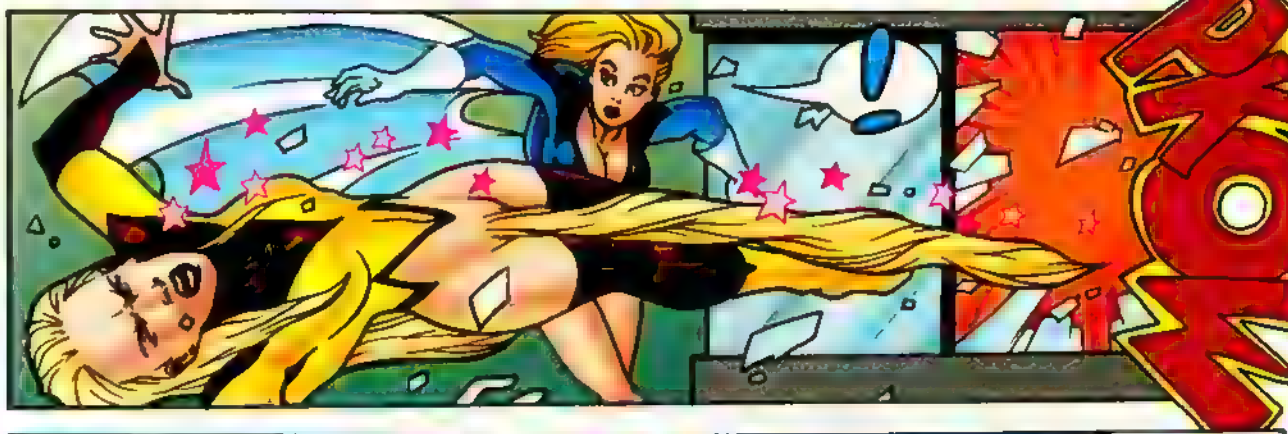
TEACH YOU SOLID WHAT IT MEANS, YOU MESS WITH MY MAN!!

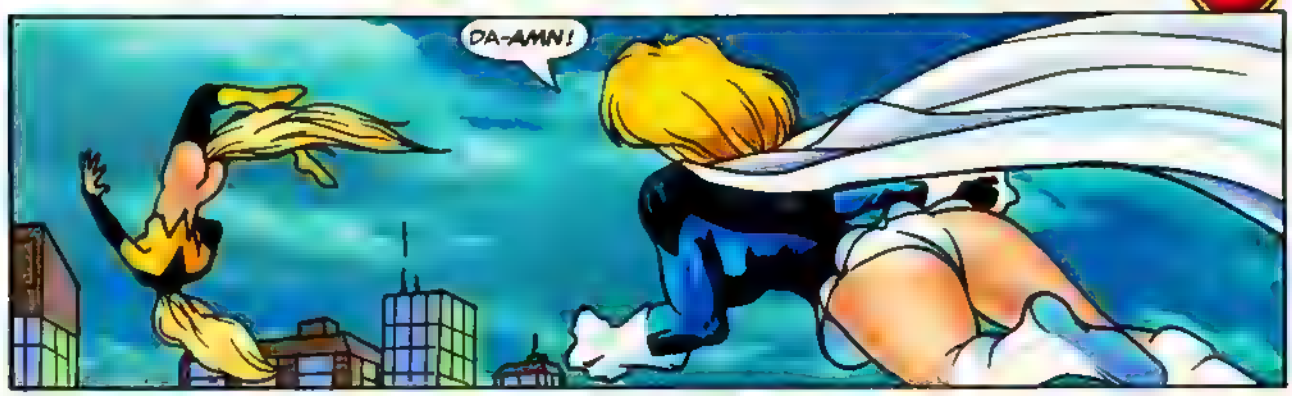

NOT WISE, AIN'T NO MAN WORTH THE TROUBLE YOU JUST BOUGHT YOURSELF.

THEN YOU DON'T DENY IT?

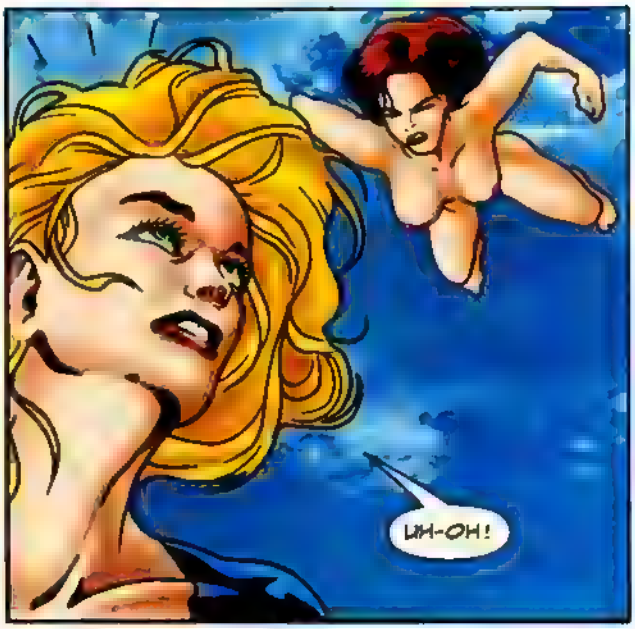
AND MISS OUT ON THE FUN?


...HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE. THAT POOR WOMAN NEEDS COUNSELING, NOT CLOBBERING...


POW


DA-AMN!

STEADY! I'VE GOT YOU!
EEE-YUCH!!


UH-OH!

EMILY! NO! WAIT! WILL YOU BACK OFF...!

LEMME AT HER! I'LL SLAP THAT BITCH'S BRAINS OUT THE SIDE OF HER FUCKING HEAD!

TRAMP! WHORE!!

POP! POP! POP! POP!

ASTOUNDING!

HOW DID WE MISS THAT ONE?

AND SHE'S NAKKID!!

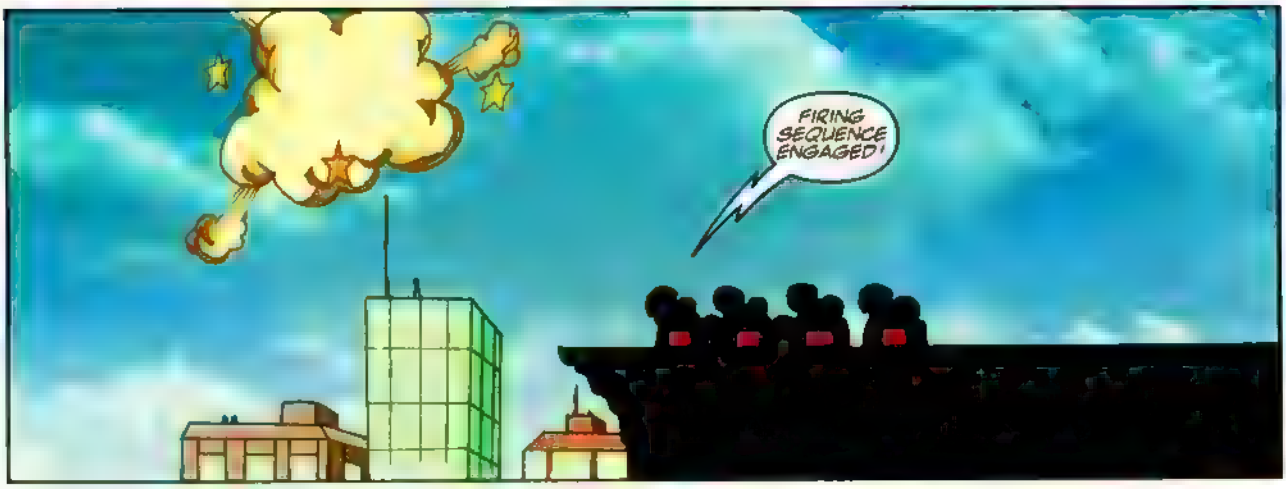
STEADY, GUNTER.

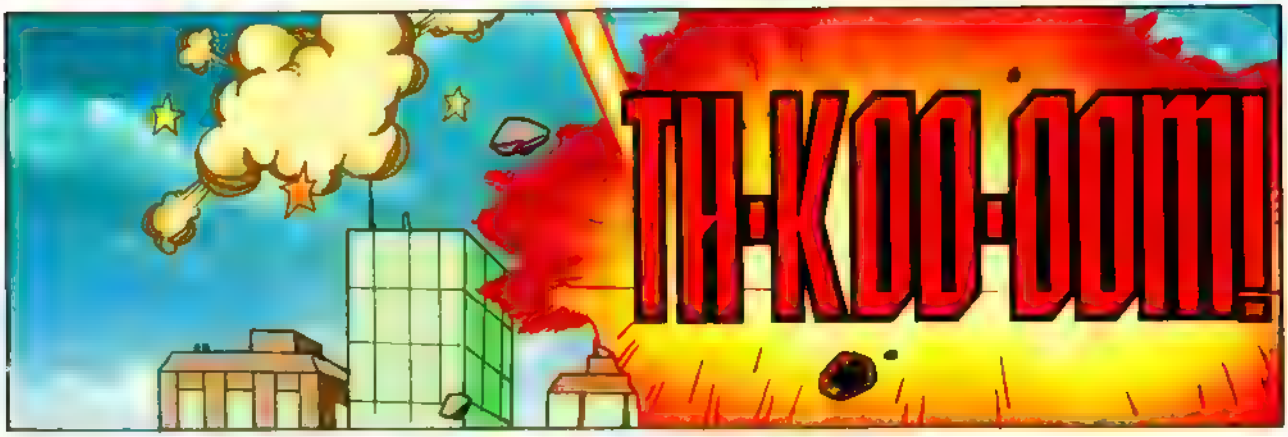
HOW DO WE ACQUIRE THIS ONE?

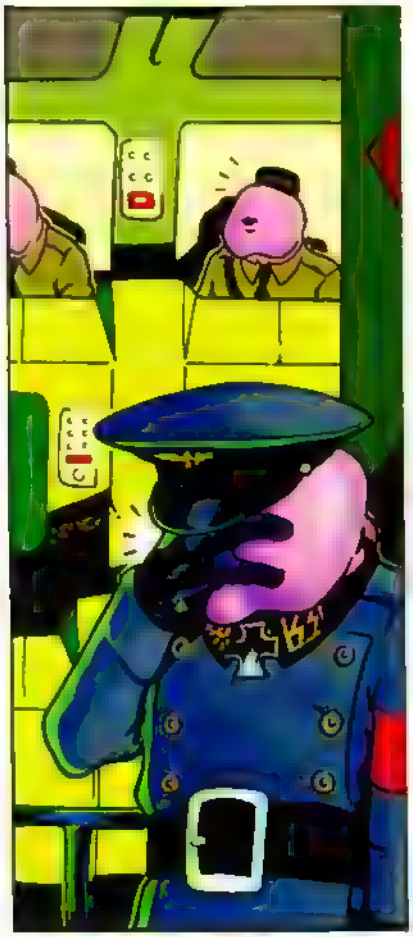
WE TAKE NO MORE CHANCES WE CALL IN AN ARTILLERY STRIKE! STUN THE BUNCH OF THEM--THEN TAKE OUR PICK!

JA! UNDER-STOOD! REPEAT CO-ORDINATES

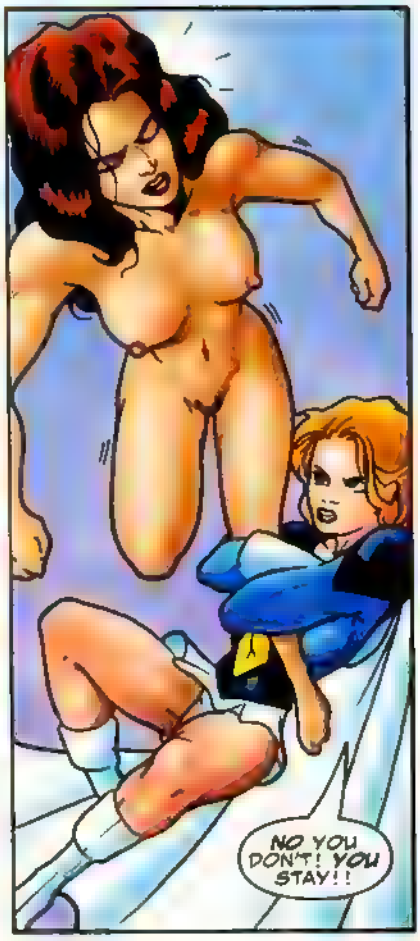
REPEATING...

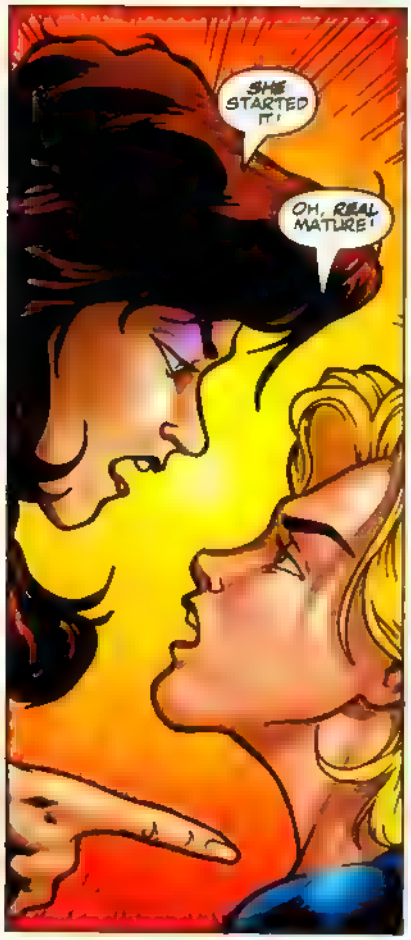

FIRING SEQUENCE ENGAGED!


TA-KOO-OOM!

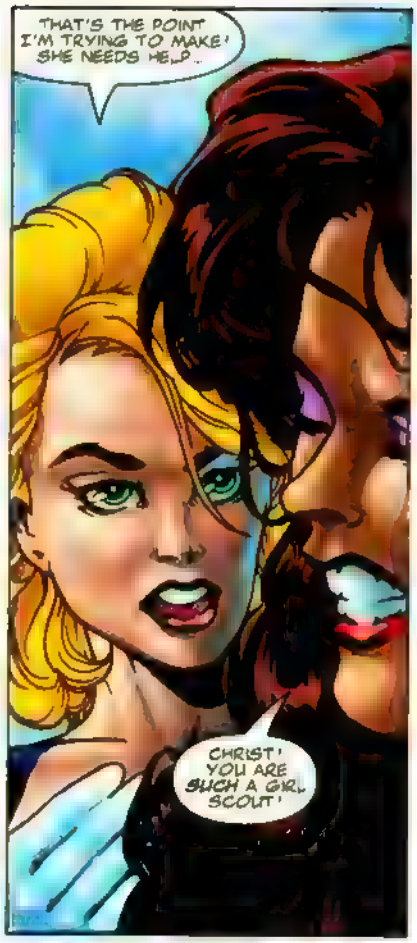


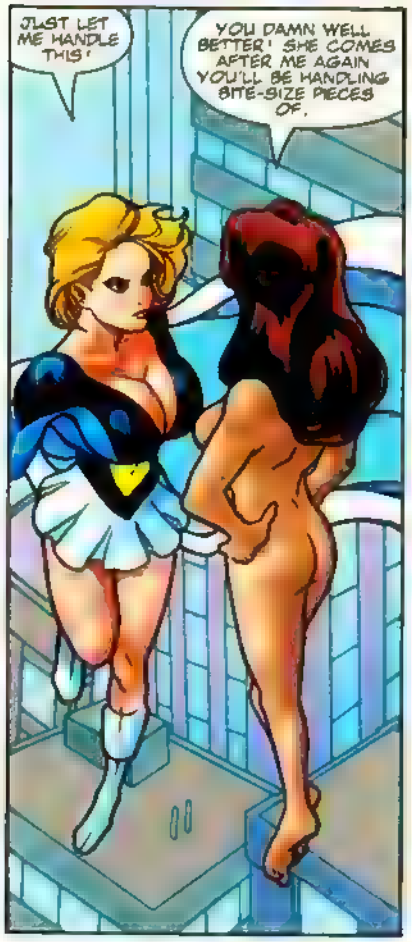
FLING!
ENOUGH!!

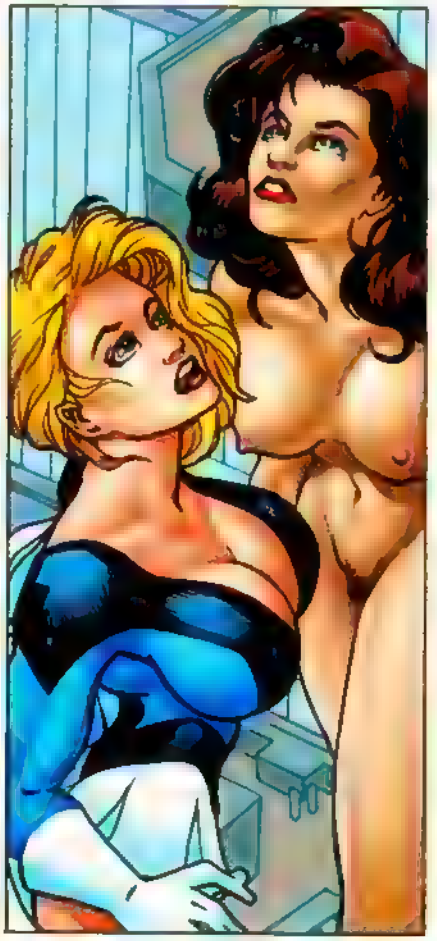

NO YOU DON'T! YOU STAY!!

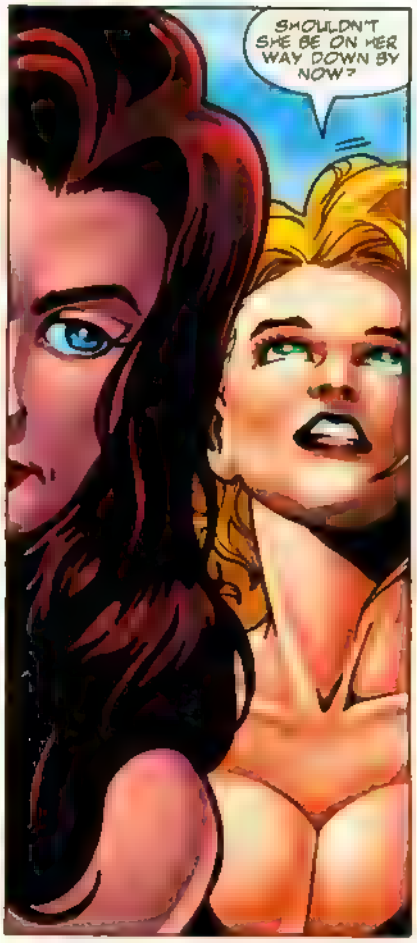

SHE STARTED IT!
OH, REAL MATURE!

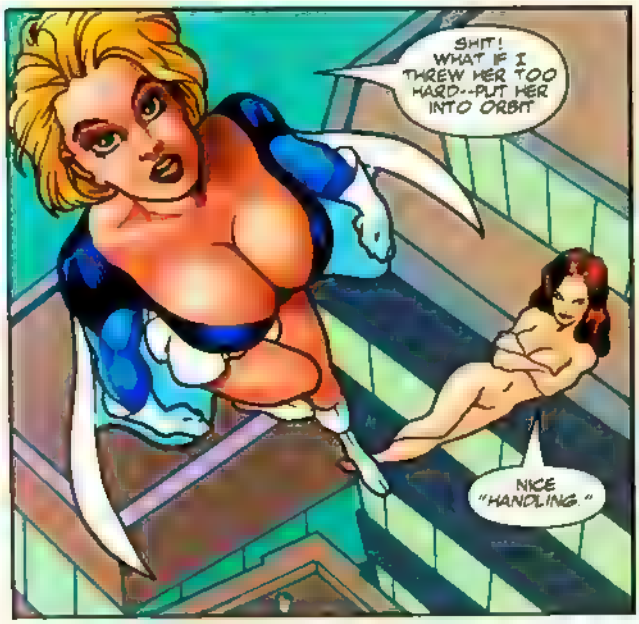
SHE'S OBVIOUSLY DISTURBED! IS THIS HOW YOU GET YOUR KICKS!? PICKING ON...
DISTURBED!? SHE'S A FULL-TILT WACKO!!

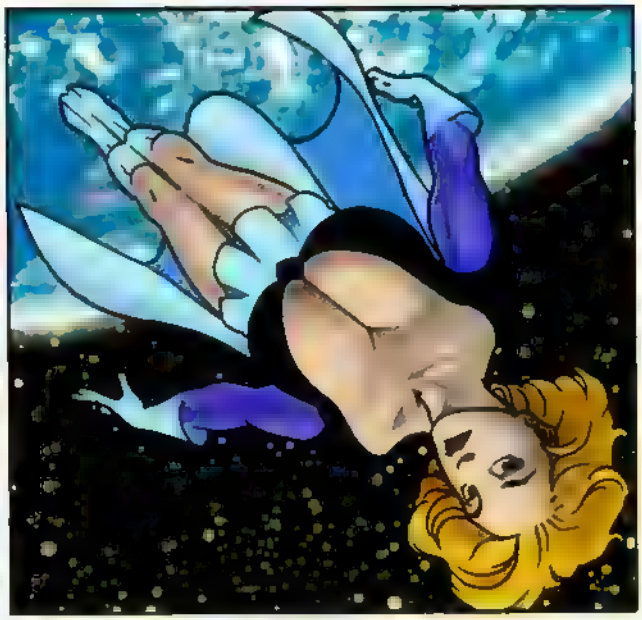

THAT'S THE POINT I'M TRYING TO MAKE! SHE NEEDS HELP...
CHRIST! YOU ARE SUCH A GIRL SCOUT!

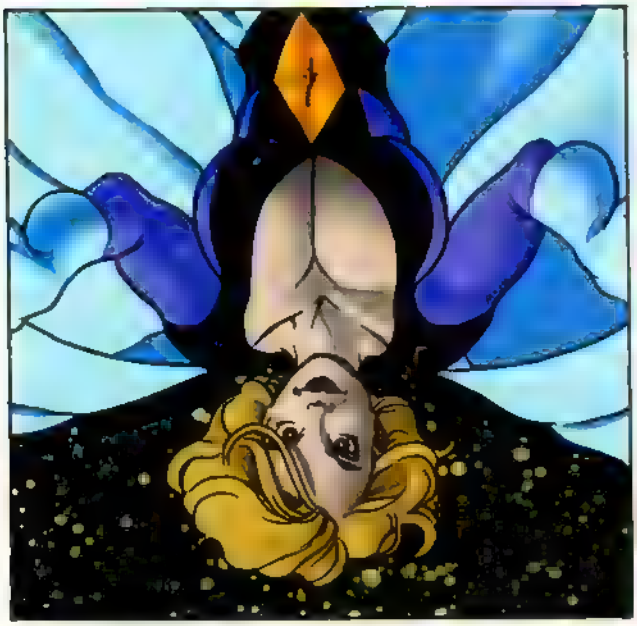

JUST LET ME HANDLE THIS!
YOU DAMN WELL BETTER! SHE COMES AFTER ME AGAIN YOU'LL BE HANDLING BITE-SIZE PIECES OF.



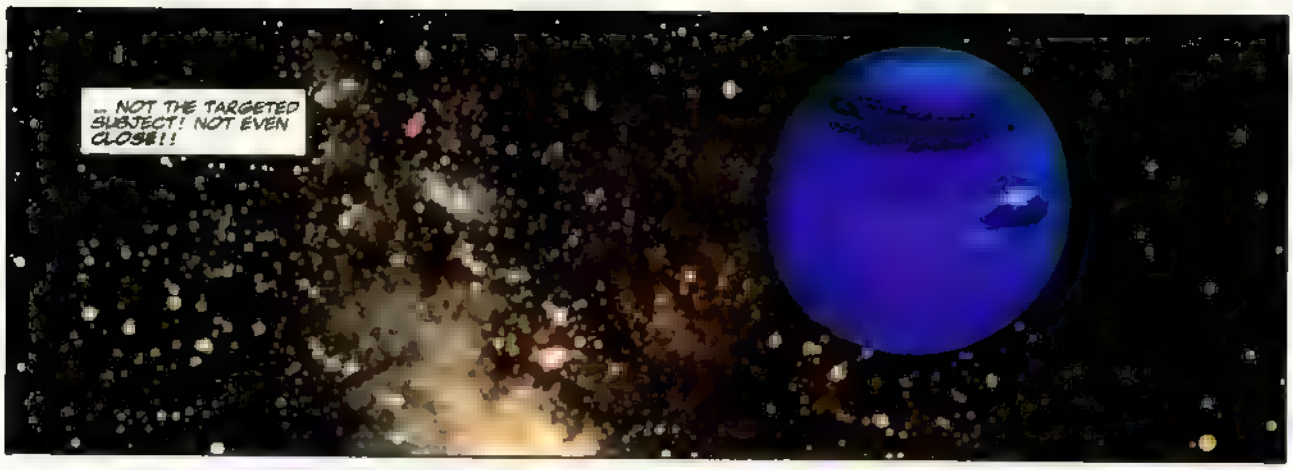

SHOULDN'T SHE BE ON HER WAY DOWN BY NOW?


SHIT! WHAT IF I THREW HER TOO HARD--PUT HER INTO ORBIT
NICE "HANDLING."

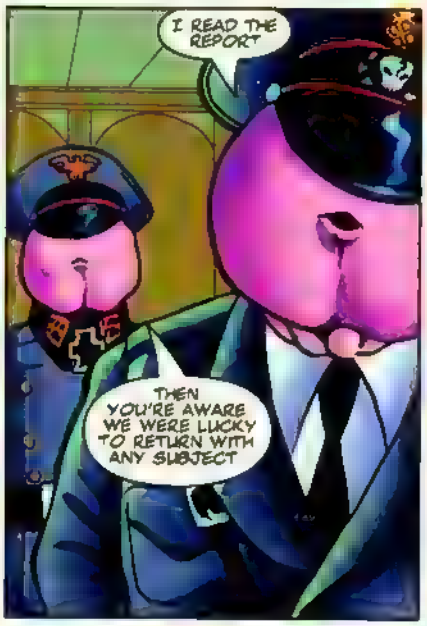




GUESS I CAN CLOSE OUT THAT FILE.


... NOT THE TARGETED SUBJECT! NOT EVEN CLOSE!!

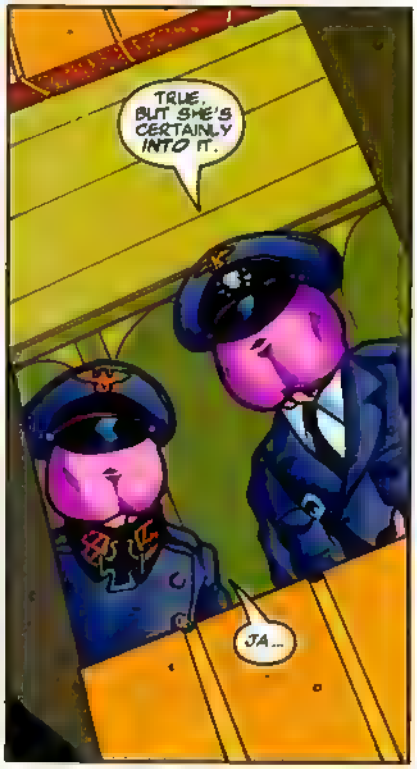
JA... BUT THE OPPORTUNITY PRESENTED ITSELF AND WE TOOK IT
OUR PLANET-SIDE LOSSES WERE STAGGERING!


I READ THE REPORT
THEN YOU'RE AWARE WE WERE LUCKY TO RETURN WITH ANY SUBJECT

=SIGH=-JA, JA. YOUR REPORT SAID THAT SHE CAME RIGHT AT YOU?
LIKE A MISSILE. ALL WE HAD TO DO WAS ARREST HER TRAJECTORY AND CONTAIN HER IN A STASIS FIELD. IT WAS LIKE A GIFT!

JA... BUT NOT THE GIFT WE'D HOPED FOR

ANY PORT IN A STORM...
GRANTED BUT I DOUBT THIS ONE WILL BEAR AN APPROPRIATELY PURE UBERPECKER HIMMEL, NOT EVEN A VIRGIN!


TRUE. BUT SHE'S CERTAINLY INTO IT.
JA...

...AND THE PHALLI SEEM QUITE TAKEN WITH HER.
HEY! HEY!! I STILL AIN'T COME YET! LET'S GO! LET'S GO!!
FIN.

BROWN'S BOUTIQUE

Send your letters to:
BROWN'S BOUTIQUE/
PENTHOUSE COMIX
277 PARK AVE.
4th fl.
NY, NY 10012
or email us at
phcomix@aol.com

That's it. That's the new letter column title. Like it? I don't. These wool-gathering chair-warmers who surround me chose me to take out their petty vengeance on — which should be directed at you. Here's the entire "pile" of Letter Column Title Suggestions:

Explicit Missives
Ejaculations
Slim Penny Jazz
X-Reader
The Sex Zone
The Second Coming
Free Speech
Fe-Mail Slot

Do you see what my fabulous co-workers are mad at? You guys who sent in ideas, we love — Okay, they're not quite what we had in mind (tho, Slim Penny Jazz does have that quirky, meaningless buzzing sound that lets you fill in your own blanks) but we expected a couple of hundred entries. We are supposed to have over 100,000 readers — Jesus! Is everyone so busy they can't take more than 5 seconds to decide they don't have time for this? Naming letter columns used to be a fun thing for readers to do. Maybe you think we can't come up with our own? Wrong, ours are still killer; but you're going to look at BROWN'S BOUTIQUE for a little while... see that face? Look at it good and hard... SEE YOU IN YOUR DREAMS! And to my dear no-workers who idle away their young lives scratching out their meaningless existences clinging to the side of a truly great man, Bob Guccione, like boils — well, they will get their just reward and when they least expect it!

REMEMBER OUR LETTER OF THE MONTH "contest"?

Dear Penthouse Comix,
I don't know what this means but it has a slick sound:
SLIM-PENNY JAZZ
Take it or leave it.

Sincerely,
Rebecca C. Sosa-Rausch
West Lafayette, IN

Becky, this entry for Name That Letter Column was so far off the mark, yet charming, we just had to recognize it in some way. Your T-shirt will be winging its way to you pronto!

AND NOW THE INTERNET CORNER:

Sirs,
I just couldn't hold back any longer and had to talk to you about your stories. I just finished your Aug. and Sept. issues and was knocked out of my pants!
Miss Adventure has go to be one of the sexiest and funniest adult strips around. I also love the fact that she's a smart-ass who doesn't take any crap. I hope to see more of her in the future.
Missy Muerte, however, was the best of the book. She made me harder than a tombstone! The artwork was exquisite and the story like nothing I've seen before. I can only hope that when it's my turn to go, she's there to welcome me. Keep it up guys and give me more!

A New Fan,
sapper

Dear PH Comix
Here's my suggestions for your mag:
1. More minority female characters. This has probably been suggested before but my guess is you stay away from this because you may get a lot of hate mail from minority females themselves.
2. More female writers and artists — I'm real curious to see if any female authors and artists of erotic comics are out there. Do you know of any out there and will you be working

with them?
3. More sexy transformations — My favorite parts in your books have been when normal women turn into their sexy super hero alter egos (like Dr. Dare's transformation in #1) or sexy super villains (like Bad Girl transforming Hericane into her alter ego ***[with the Emoto-Reversor Ray — Ed.]***. I just wish you would've shown Dare's breasts enlarging out of her clothes and Bad Girl's assistants dressing Hericane. So please next you show stuff like that again, please show the whole thin (not just before and after but during).

chrisl

Sirs:
I must say, that I thoroughly enjoyed PENTHOUSE MAX #1. It was engrossing and thought provoking. The sex was just OK, though. I'd like to see you do a MAX on Beth Steele.She was my favorite character in COMIX. I miss reading her adventures.
Keep up the good work, guys! I look forward to future issues of COMIX.

cochran

Azpiri may indeed be reviving dear Betty for us, stay tuned. MAX is turning out to be our omnibus of cool stuff — check out the humor special HA! which should be available by the time this hits the stands. Roam the web but make sure to visit us: http://www.phcomix.com

BACK IN THE LAND OF PAPYRUS AND SCRIBES:

I just received my September issue. I have a few gripes, and some praises. First of all, I'm in love with Miss Adventure (Hear me now!). I'm used to seeing this scrumptious looking female a certain way — and this issue is so short of that. This artist, "Cary Polkovitz" is a good artist — BUT does he even know what my woman looks like? Did you guys even show him a picture of Miss Adventure? I mean damn — who the hell is this new chick? Facially, that is not her. I was looking so forward to seeing my baby this month. Her hair looks like Shaggy from Scooby Doo. Her eye sockets are all wrong — and so is her mouth. What did he try to do — make her look more exotic? "Hated it—" Show this dude some previous layouts. If he's going to do it — do it right!

Sincerely,
Emile

We could not do a better job of showing him the meaning of "fidelity." Thanks, Emile, for making our jobs a little easier.

—ERB, proprietor
BROWN'S BOUTIQUE

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(CUT ALONG DOTTED LINE)

Greetings, PENTHOUSE COMIX reader,
Please use this coupon — or a facsimile — to tell us how we're doing. Please fill it out after you've gone over the magazine. Let us know how often you polished Flipper while reading this issue:

	Immediately	Frequently	Occasionally	Never
DENZ (pg. 2)	☐	☐	☐	☐
BROWN'S DELIGHTS (pg. 16)	☐	☐	☐	☐
SLIM & NUN (pg. 22)	☐	☐	☐	☐
MISS ADVENTURE (pg. 42)	☐	☐	☐	☐
HIDDEN CAMERA (pg. 58)	☐	☐	☐	☐
ABDUCTED BY ALIENS (pg. 66)	☐	☐	☐	☐

PENTHOUSE COMIX
277 Park Ave.
4th Floor
New York, NY 10172-0003

Or e-mail us at phcomix@aol.com We're waiting.

A SPECIAL CHRISTMAS HEADQUARTERS

BY GUEST ATTENDANT ELIOT R. BROWN:

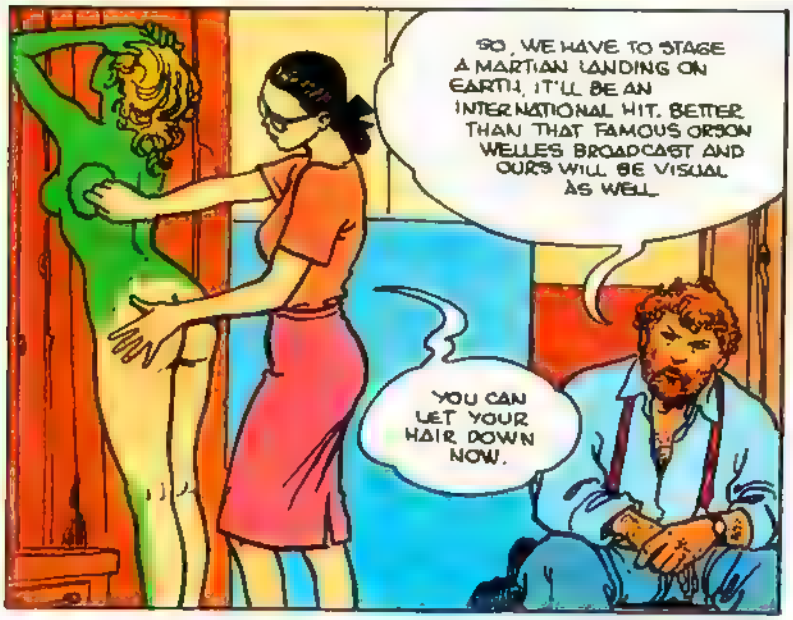
Hey, kids, are we all snuggly with our egg-nog and favorite Comix Mag? Aw, that's nice. D'ya remember when you woke and rubbed your sleepy eyes as you snuck up to the winking Christmas tree to find out how many presents Santa had brought you? Did you see that the milk and cookies were always eaten and were awestruck? It was true, then. Santa had come in and artfully placed the special presents, then he went off to bring presents and happiness to all the world's boys and girls! Finally, it was time to open your presents. You'd settle down with your whole family and rattle each present... what could it be? That great toy you saw on TV? That better toy that you saw at your pal's house! Then, bang, it would be just the best thing possible! Grandma and Grandpa would bring over a cake and more presents and you'd all have a really good time.

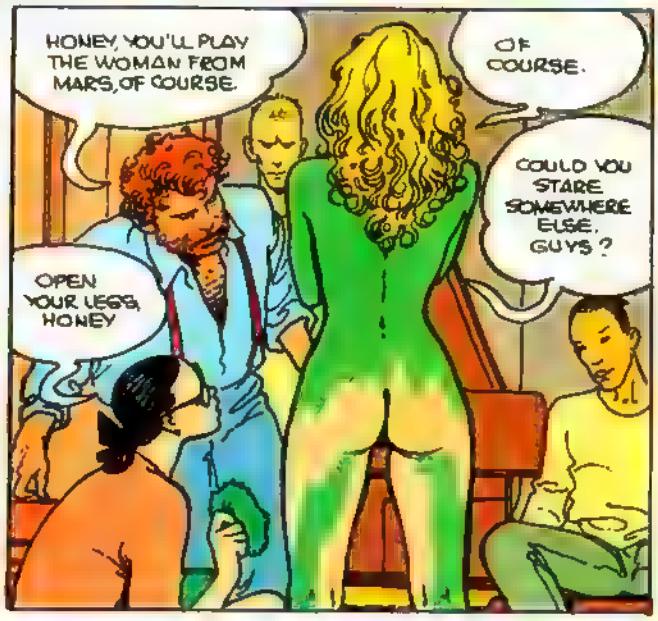
Nice, huh? Don't worry; this hasn't happened since 1961. Since then, you haven't ever gotten what you wanted. It's amazing if your parents are still together. Either you are being raised by your grandparents or they're terrible drunks. All your cousins hate you and break your toys. Wise up, there's not only no Santa, it's 1996 and we'll have Clinton for four more years.

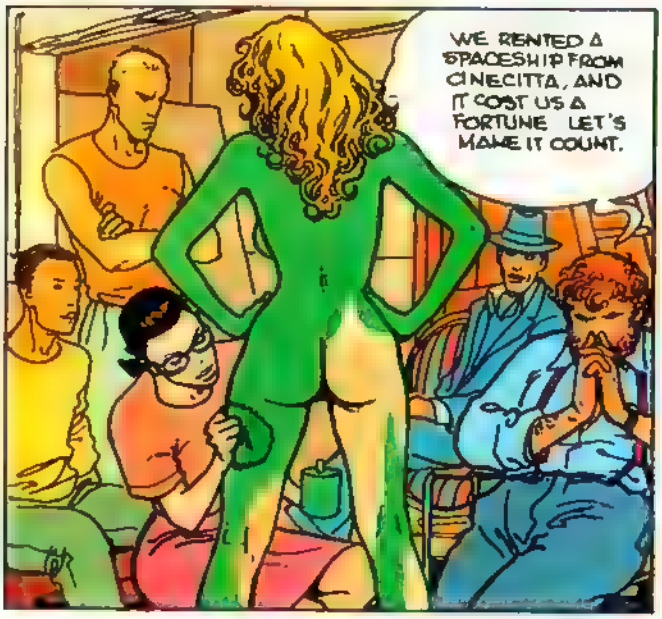
Remember, don't drink and drive. Rather, drink while driving!

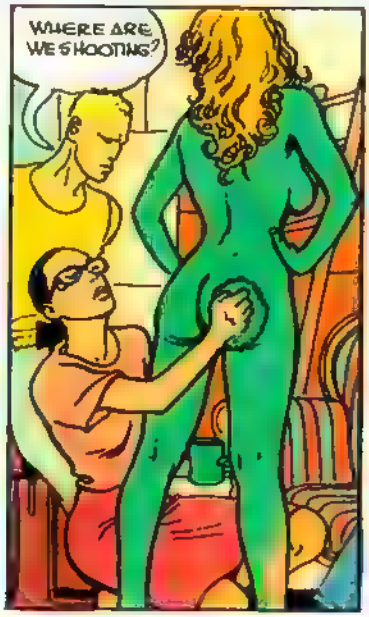
MILO MANARA'S HIDDEN CAMERA

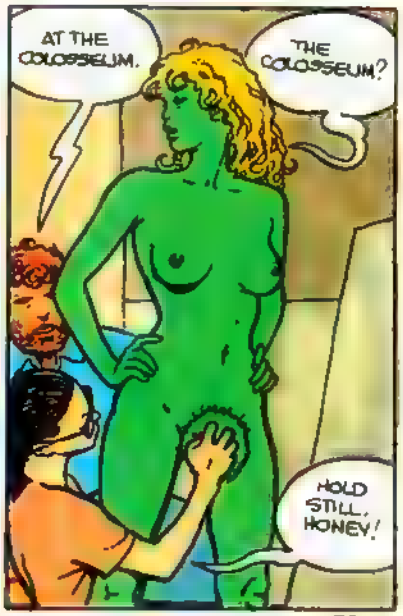
WOULD YOU AT LEAST LOOK THE OTHER WAY, YOU PIGS?
YES, YES, GREEN IS CLASSIC. NO OTHER COLOR GIVES THAT ALIEN LOOK


SO, WE HAVE TO STAGE A MARTIAN LANDING ON EARTH. IT'LL BE AN INTERNATIONAL HIT. BETTER THAN THAT FAMOUS ORSON WELLES BROADCAST AND OURS WILL BE VISUAL AS WELL.
YOU CAN LET YOUR HAIR DOWN NOW.


HONEY, YOU'LL PLAY THE WOMAN FROM MARS, OF COURSE.
OF COURSE.
COULD YOU STARE SOMEWHERE ELSE, GUYS?
OPEN YOUR LEGS, HONEY


WE RENTED A SPACESHIP FROM CINECITTA, AND IT COST US A FORTUNE. LET'S MAKE IT COUNT.

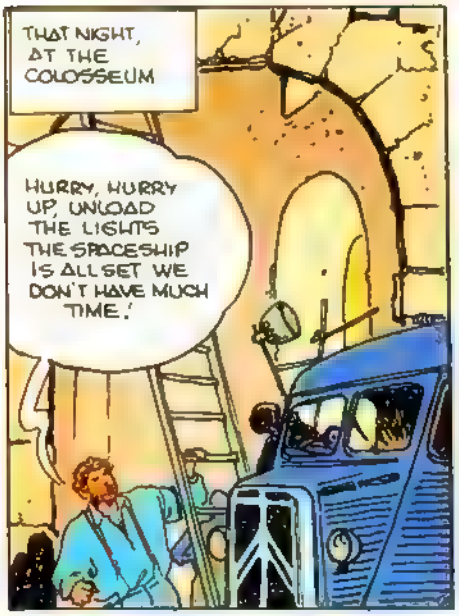

WHERE ARE WE SHOOTING?

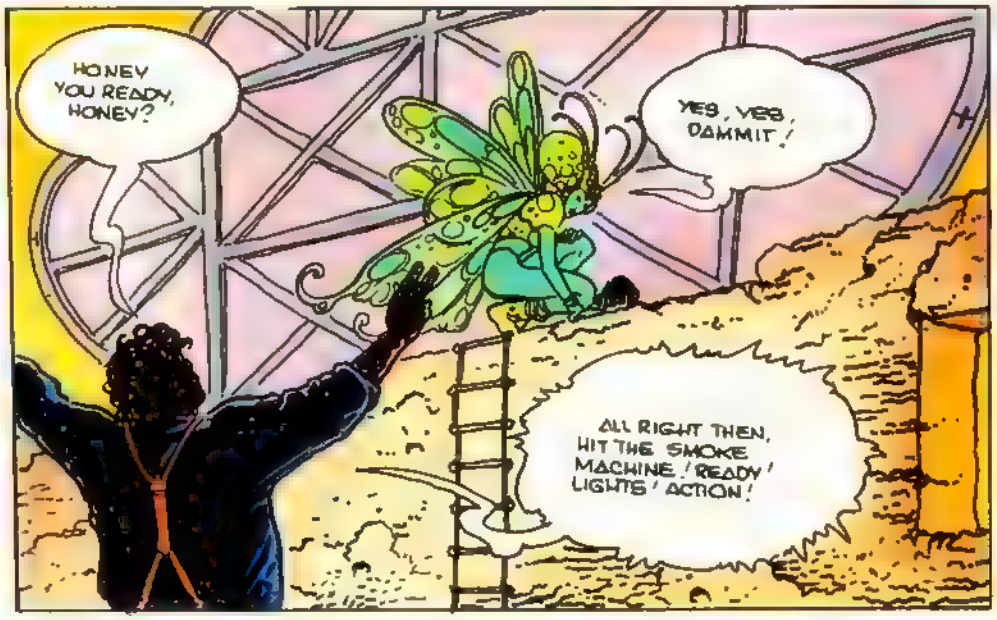

AT THE COLOSSEUM.
THE COLOSSEUM?
HOLD STILL, HONEY!

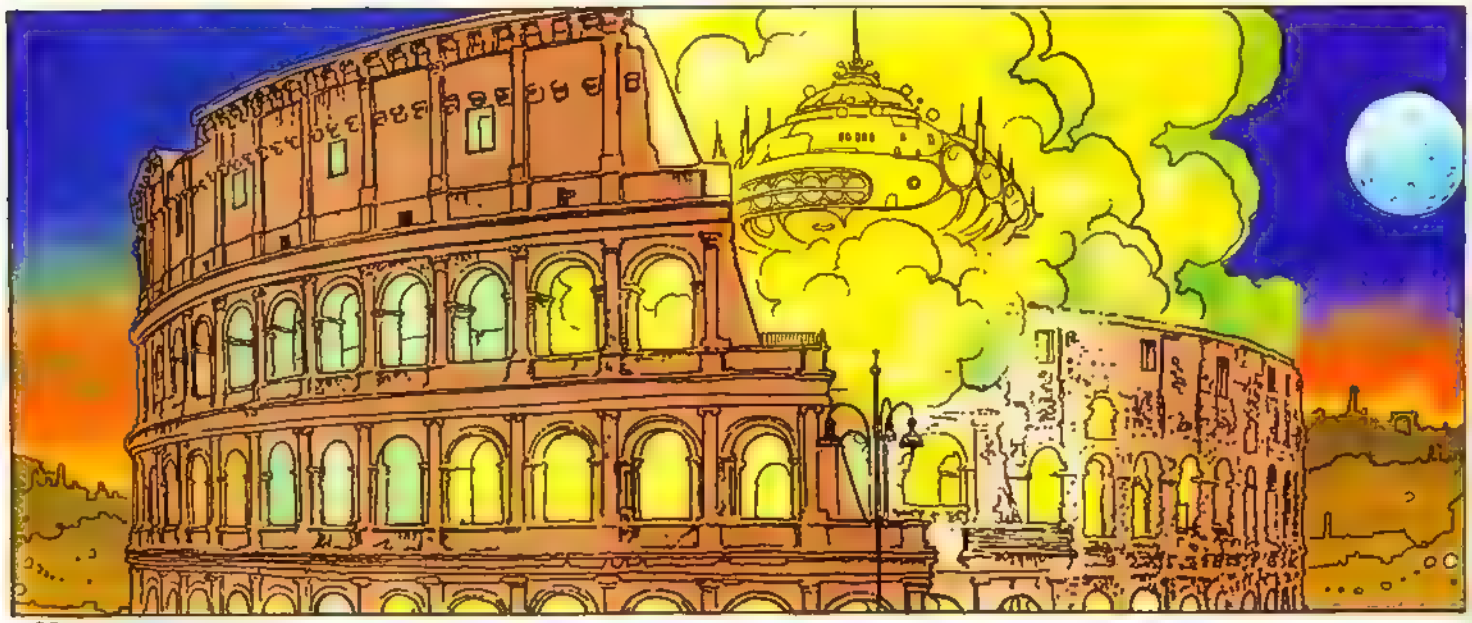
HOLD YOUR HAIR UP, PLEASE
COULDN'T WE DO WITHOUT THE THIRD TIT?

C'MON HONEY, DON'T WHINE, IT LOOKS GOOD ON YOU THE MIDDLE ONE IS FIRMER AND MORE EXCITING THAN THE OTHER TWO

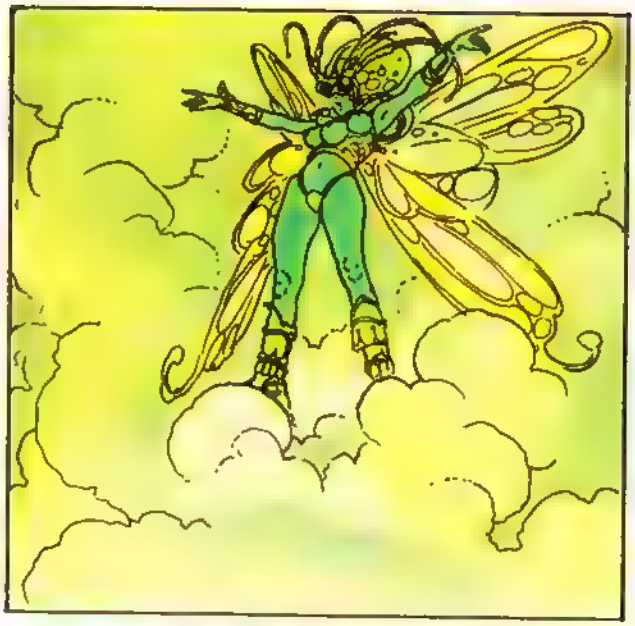
IT'S THE ONLY ONE YOU'LL EVER GET TO FEEL, SO THERE ASSHOLE.


THAT NIGHT, AT THE COLOSSEUM
HURRY, HURRY UP, UNLOAD THE LIGHTS THE SPACESHIP IS ALL SET WE DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME!

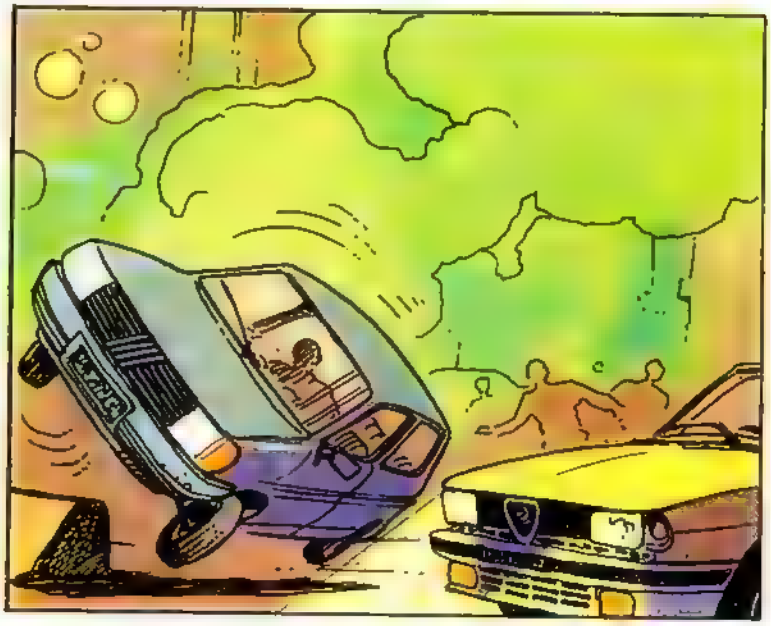

HONEY YOU READY, HONEY?
YES, YES, DAMMIT!
ALL RIGHT THEN, HIT THE SMOKE MACHINE! READY! LIGHTS! ACTION!

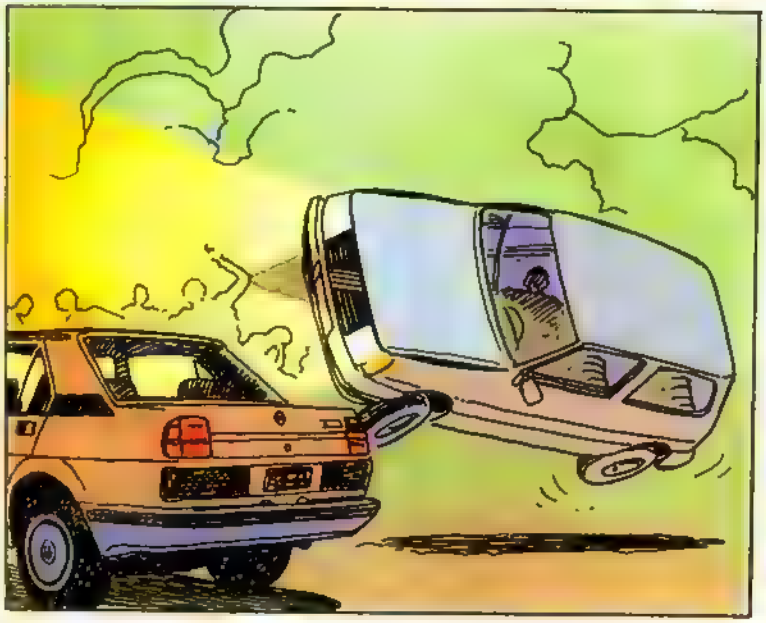


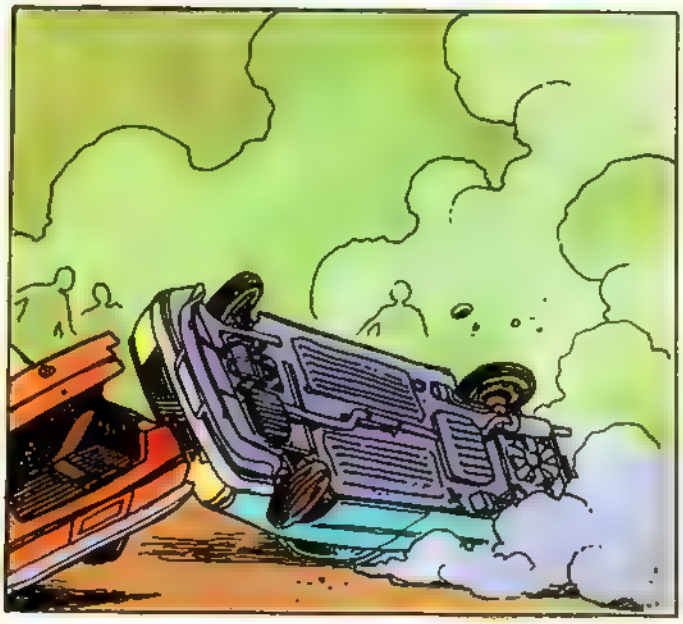
C MON OUT, HONEY! COME ON!
AND YOU, START ROLLING! SHOOT THE CROWD!
I M ROLLING, ALREADY

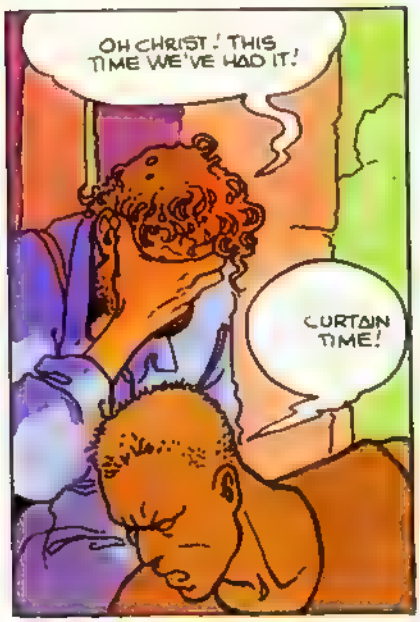


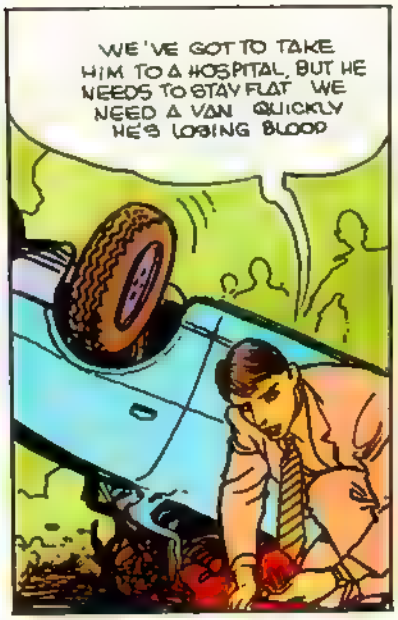
SDENG



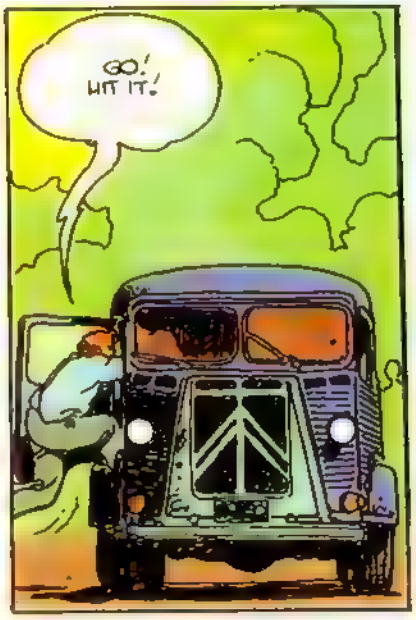


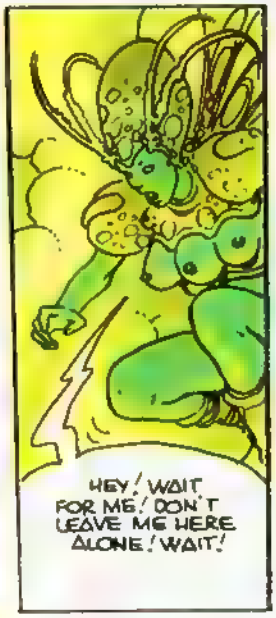



OH CHRIST! THIS TIME WE'VE HAD IT!
CURTAIN TIME!


WE'VE GOT TO TAKE HIM TO A HOSPITAL, BUT HE NEEDS TO STAY FLAT WE NEED A VAN QUICKLY HE'S LOSING BLOOD

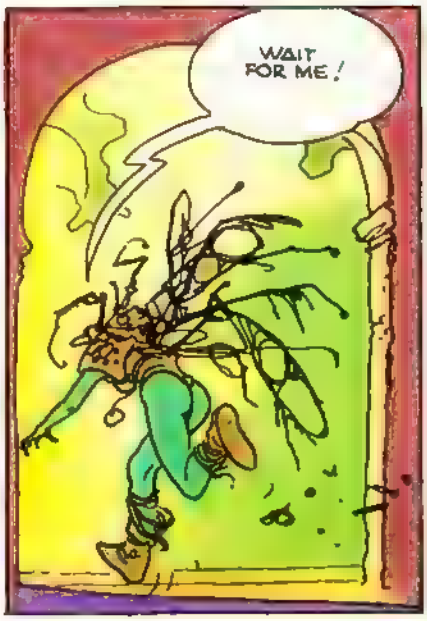
WHOSE VAN IS THIS?
NEVER MIND!
LET'S GO, QUICK!

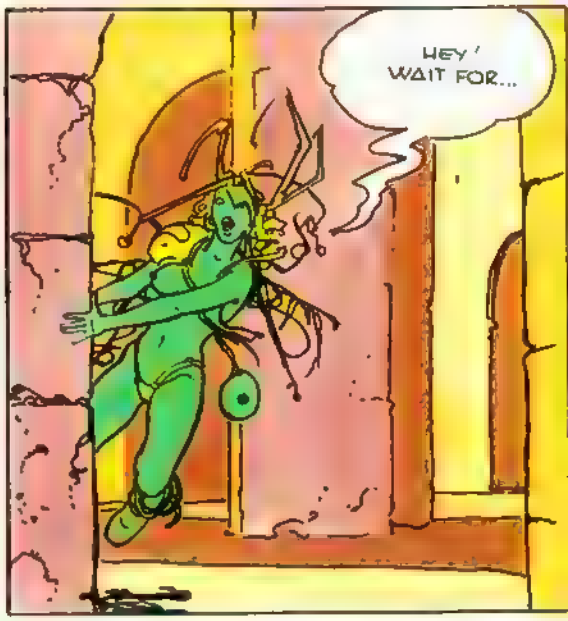

GO! HIT IT!

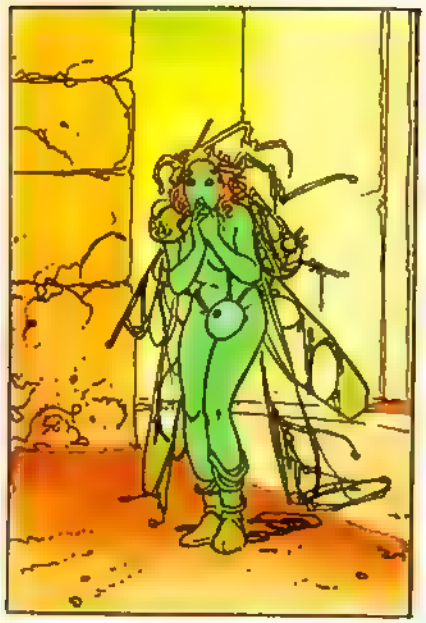

HEY! WAIT FOR ME! DON'T LEAVE ME HERE ALONE! WAIT!

GO, GO, FASTER!

WAIT AHHH!
FUCK THIS DAMN GET-UP!


WAIT FOR ME!

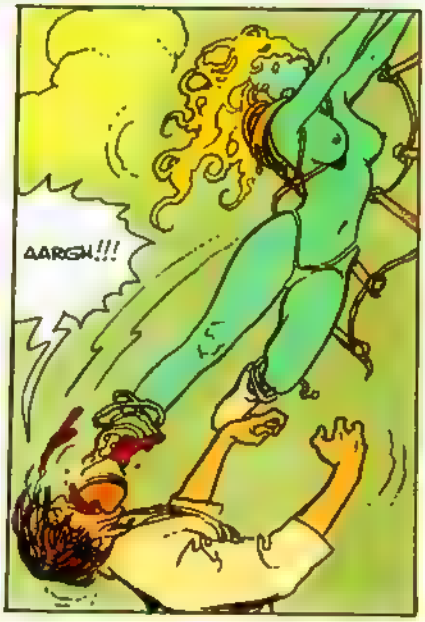

HEY! WAIT FOR...

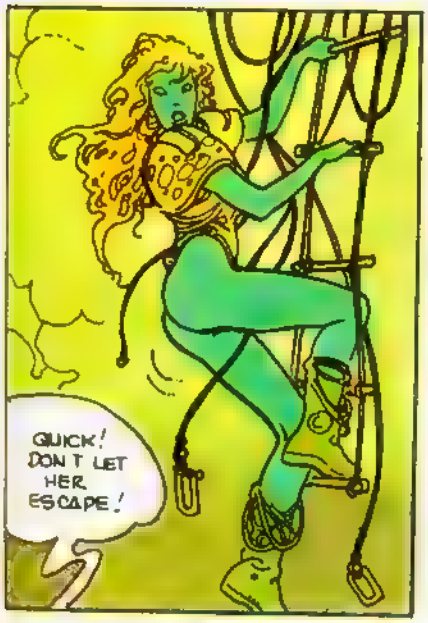


THERE SHE IS! GET HER!
YOU DIRTY BITCH!
MY CAR!
IT'S HER FAULT!
CHARGE!
SLUT!
GR
MURDERESS!

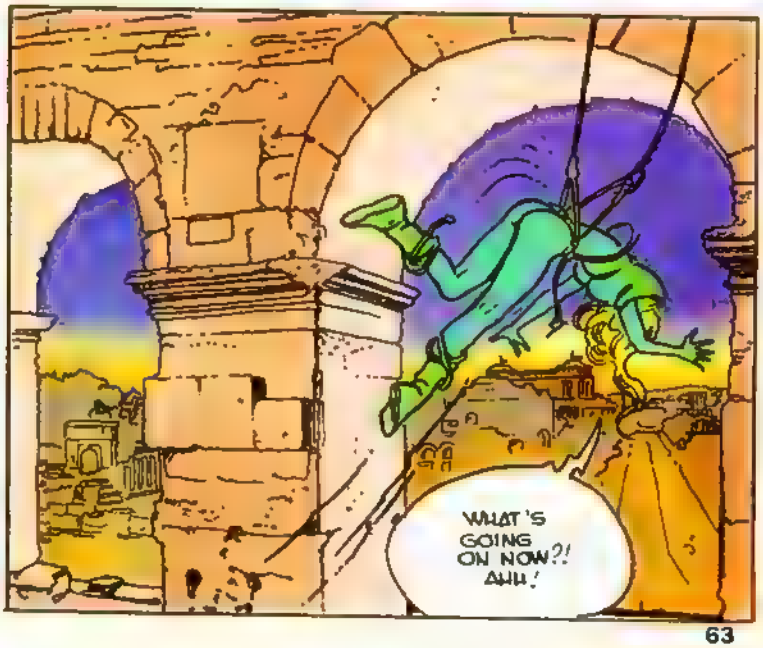
GET HER! GET HER!
THIS WAY!

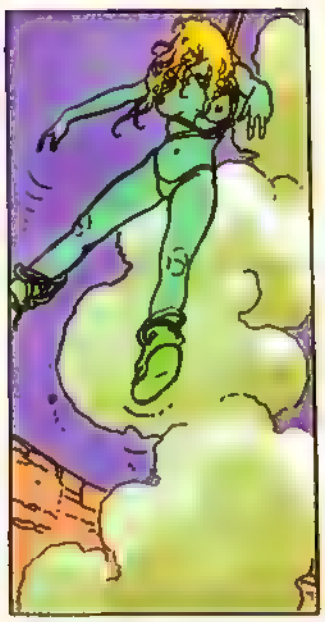
I HAVE HER! I GOT HER!

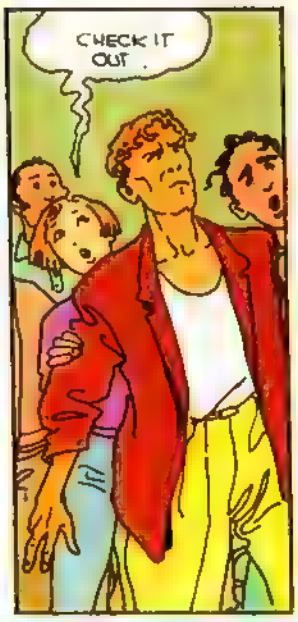

AARGH!!!

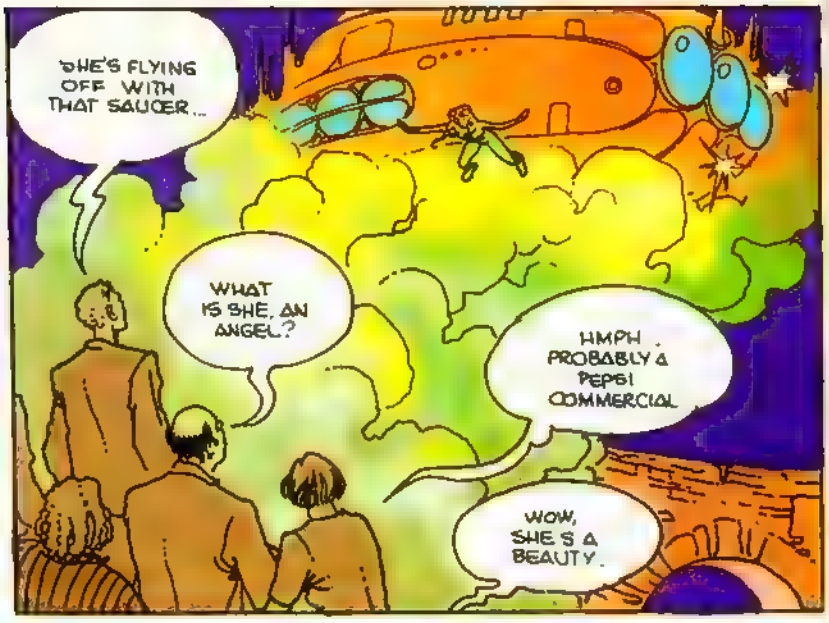

QUICK! DON'T LET HER ESCAPE!

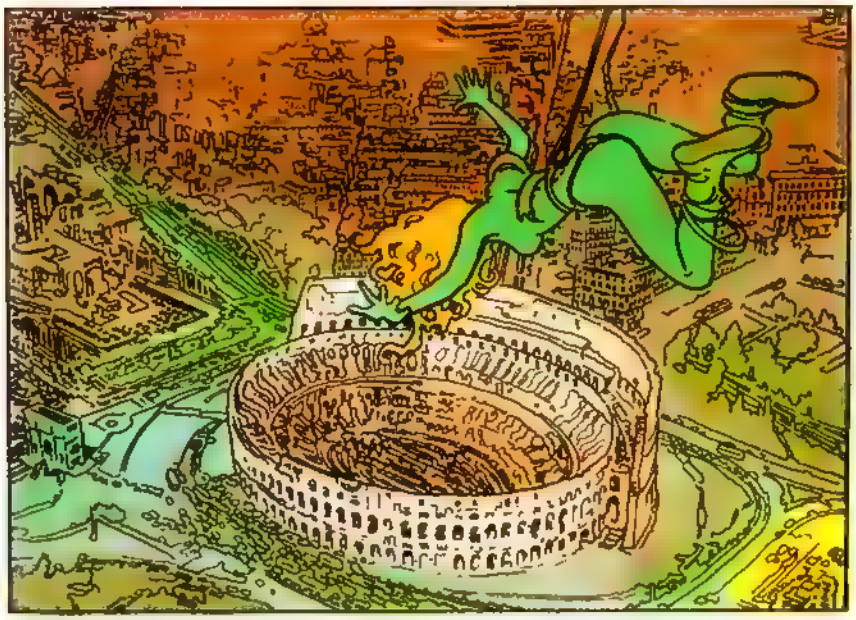
LET'S GET HER! MAKE HER PAY!

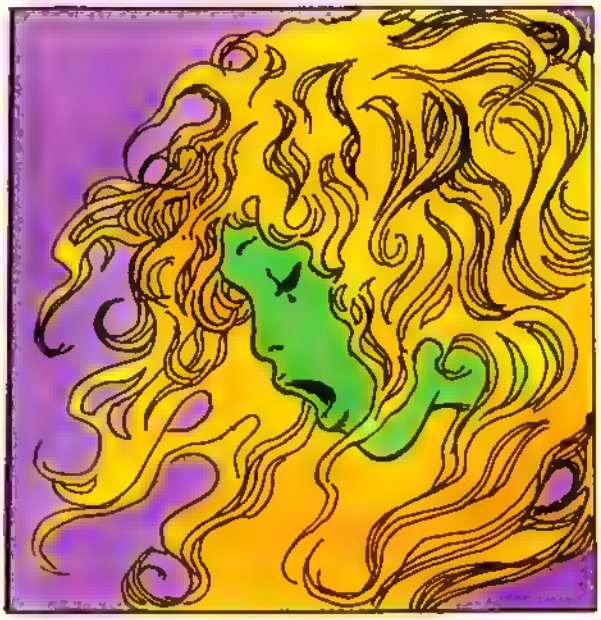

WHAT'S GOING ON NOW?! AHH!

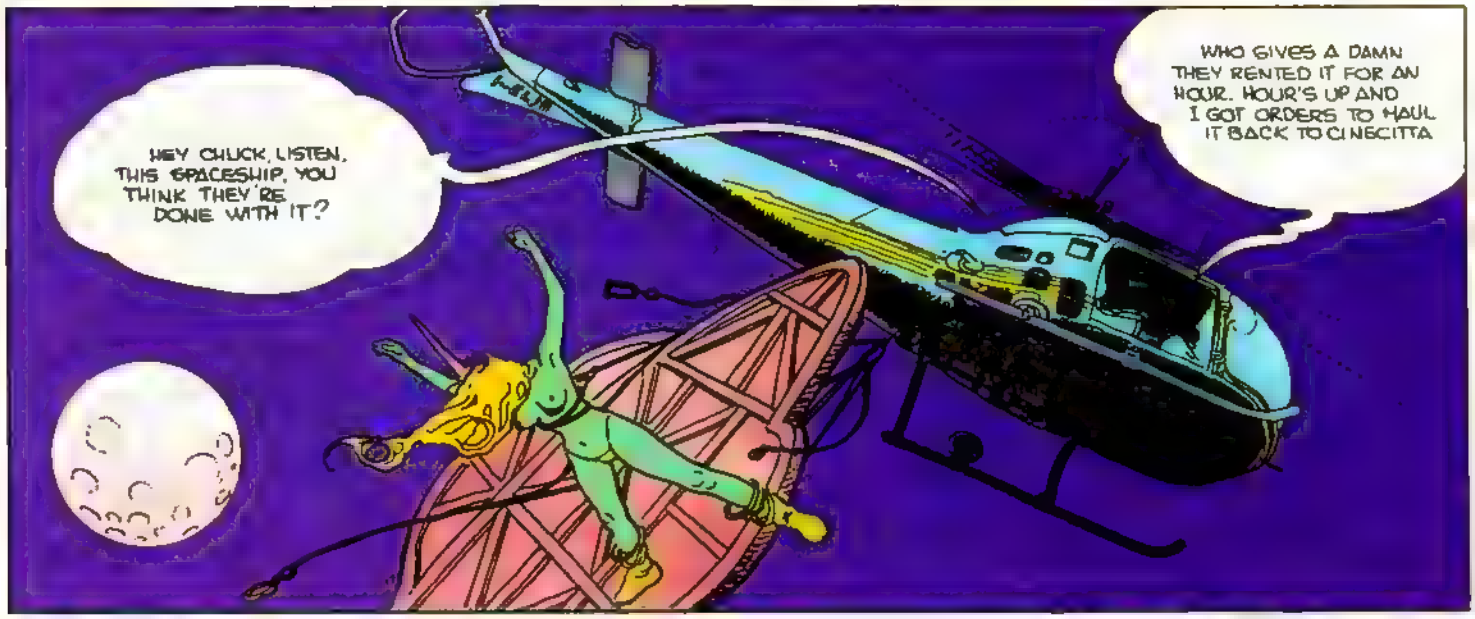












END OF EPISODE TWO

STORY: CARAGONNE & DIXON
SCRIPT: ELIOT R. BROWN
ART: JOHN M. BURNS
LETTERING: VICKIE WILLIAMS

ABDUCTED BY ALIENS of ALIENS

PART TWO

Richard Norris' wife was mysteriously abducted several years ago. As an investigator for the North American Unidentified Flying Object Research Group, he might be able to find out more about the abducted by alien phenomenon.

Above, in low-Earth orbit, Admiral Rh'Oos attempts to rally his crew to support the mission so critical to their race. Their genetic material is unravelling, leaving them open to sorry mutation, degeneracy and an inability to repair their ship's infrastructure.

General Tully and Colonel Abrams are part of the Aerial Phenomenon Investigation and Response Force, a secret agency of the U.S. government. Of particular interest is Richard Norris, who was a victim of his spouse's abuction but isn't telling all he knows...

IT LOOKS LIKE A SINGLE SHIP HAS TRIGGERED OUR SENSOR NETWORK... THIS IS BEFORE YOUR TIME, TULLY, BUT THIS AREA IS WHERE AN ENTIRE TOWN WAS ABDUCTED...

YEAH, I READ ABOUT IT...INSTANT GHOST TOWN. ABOUT TWENTY YEARS AGO. IT TOOK EVERY TRICK IN THE BOOK TO HUSH THAT ONE UP.

UFO

COLONEL ABRAMS, I AM GETTING A TWITCH WHERE I DON'T LIKE TWITCHES. TOO MANY EVENTS IN THIS LOCALE AND ALL HAPPENING *NOW*...

YES, SIR...IT DOES LOOK LIKE THERE'S SOME UNFINISHED BUSINESS FOR THESE BASTARDS. I AM GOING TO A LEVEL TWO ALERT AS OF NOW. GET THE GROUND INTERDICTION TROOPS IN THEIR STAND-OFF POSITIONS... AND, TULLY...

SIR?

IF YOU KNOW ANY PRAYERS, SAY'EM.

I KNOW LOTS OF PRAYERS, SIR, LOTS AND LOTS...

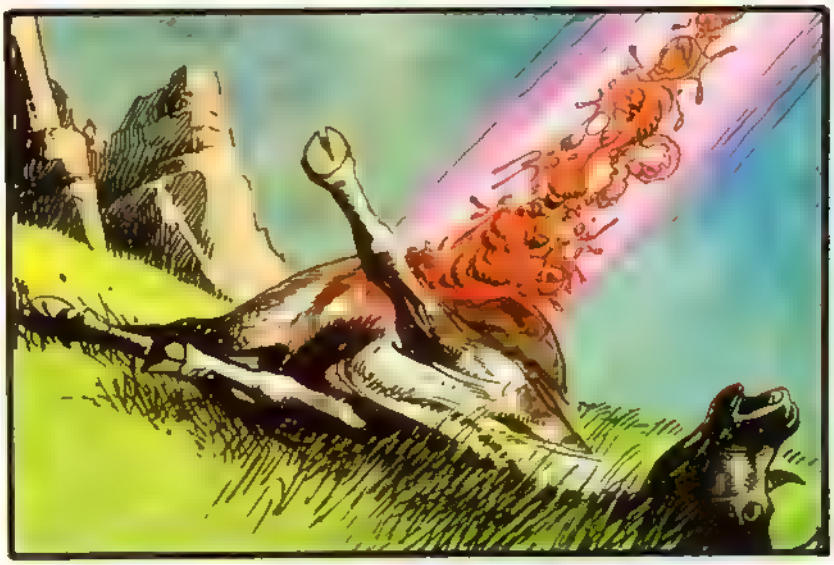
4TH. UNIT

3 RD. UNIT

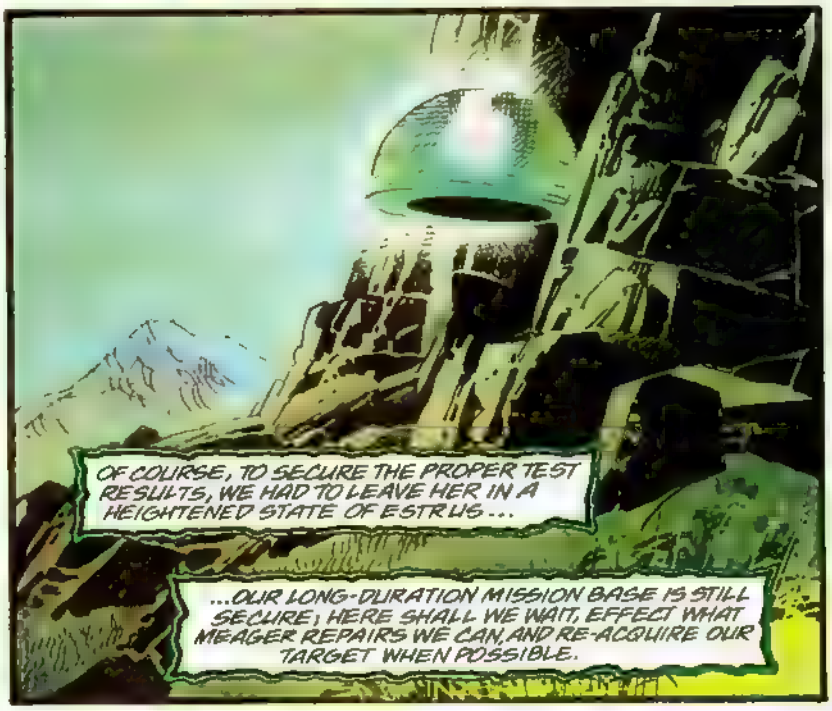
MISSILES

UFO

ADMIRAL RH'OOT DATASTREAM ENTRY: THE PREVIOUS MISSION'S EFFORTS TO ALTER THE GENETIC STRUCTURE OF THE LOCAL RUMINANTS TO PROVIDE US WITH EUGENIC STABILIZING FOOD-STUFFS HAS FAILED.
ALTHOUGH THEY CONTINUE TO PROVIDE A STEADY SUPPLY OF GOOD FOOD, BEST CONSUMED RAW, THEIR GENETIC TESTING IS A POINTLESS PURSUIT.



WE HAVE RESUMED OUR PAN-SPECTRUM INVESTIGATIONS USING THE HOST MAMMALS OF THIS WORLD. OUR LONG-AGO COMMON ANCESTORS MUST PROVIDE US A STABLE BASE TO RE-ESTABLISH OURSELVES. THE LOCAL WOMAN WE TAGGED AND SCANNED A CYCLE AGO IS OUR MOST PROMISING SUBJECT YET.


OF COURSE, TO SECURE THE PROPER TEST RESULTS, WE HAD TO LEAVE HER IN A HEIGHTENED STATE OF ESTRUS...
...OUR LONG-DURATION MISSION BASE IS STILL SECURE; HERE SHALL WE WAIT, EFFECT WHAT MEAGER REPAIRS WE CAN, AND RE-ACQUIRE OUR TARGET WHEN POSSIBLE.

SHOULD YOU BE EATING SUCH RICH FOOD?

OH, THEY SAID I WAS FINE... IT COULD'VE BEEN AN ALLERGIC REACTION TO SOMETHING... WHATEVER, IF I'M FINE, I'M FINE...

PERHAPS I'VE PUT IN TOO MANY LATE NIGHTS... LIKE YOU...

YOU DO TAKE YOUR WORK SERIOUSLY.

NOT AS SERIOUSLY AS YOU. I'VE SEEN HOW THOROUGHLY YOU DEMOLISH SOME OF THESE HOAXERS... YOU ARE DRIVEN, AREN'T YOU?

YOU KNOW HOW IMPORTANT THIS IS TO ME. IF I AM RIGOROUS IT IS MERELY MY MINIMUM ACCEPTABLE STANDARD. THE FACTS MAY BE CONCEALED, BUT THEY ARE UNAVOIDABLE WITH PERSISTENCE.

YES, YOU MAY EVEN FIND THE FACTS ABOUT ANN. DO YOU THINK JASPER KINES AND HIS OTHER UFO-HUNTERS HAVE A CHANCE TO FIND HIS HARD FACTS?
I USED TO THINK SO. HE'S NOT JUST A KOOKY GUY, EVEN IF HE JUMPS TO CONCLUSIONS RATHER THAN TREADS CAREFULLY. BUT HE DOESN'T STAND A CHANCE AGAINST THE PLANNED RESISTANCE TO ANYTHING LIKE A SERIOUS INQUIRY.
A MASSIVE CONSPIRACY...?

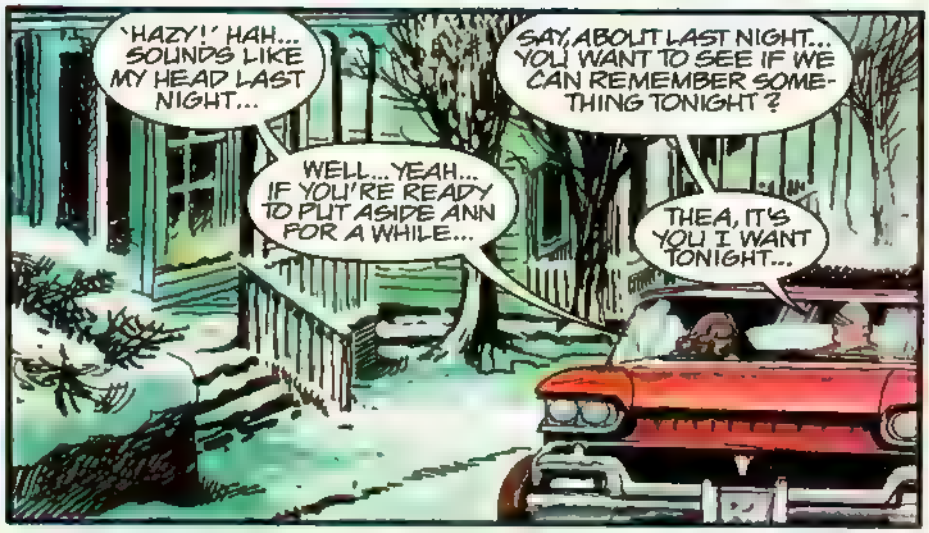
REMEMBER THE PEMBROKE CASE? DOZENS OF ROCK-SOLID WITNESSES, SOLID TIME LINES, PHYSICAL EVIDENCE, AND A FEW GOOD VIDEOS AND PHOTOS...GOVERNMENT AND LAW-ENFORCEMENT RULED IT A HOAX, AND EVERY LEAD JUST WENT AWAY OR STOPPED TALKING...THE COVER-UP WAS INTENSE AND OBVIOUS...
...NOTHING LEFT BUT MY FIELD NOTES... IT'S ALL SO FRUSTRATING. BUT MAYBE I'M GOING ON BECAUSE IT'S SO FRUSTRATING...

YOU'RE A GOOD LISTENER.. I LIKE THAT...
YOU TALK TOO MUCH, BUT YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING TO SAY... C'MON, MY PLACE FOR A NIGHTCAP?
TELL ME ABOUT HER... TELL ME ABOUT ANN...

I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO...
START FROM THE END. WHAT ABOUT YOUR LAST MEMORIES OF HER...?

I...I REMEMBER SOLDIERS RUNNING AROUND...I HAD SOME KIND OF MASK ON...
THERE WERE SEARCH PARTIES... RED CROSS OUTFITS...A LOT OF CONFUSION...

YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED?
NO. AND I DON'T LIKE IT...MY GUESS IS WHATEVER GOT ANN HAD SOME EFFECT ON MY MEMORY...IT'S LIKE A DISJOINTED DREAM...VERY HAZY AND INCOMPLETE...


'HAZY!' HAH... SOUNDS LIKE MY HEAD LAST NIGHT...
SAY, ABOUT LAST NIGHT... YOU WANT TO SEE IF WE CAN REMEMBER SOMETHING TONIGHT?
WELL...YEAH... IF YOU'RE READY TO PUT ASIDE ANN FOR A WHILE...
THEA, IT'S YOU I WANT TONIGHT...

THIS IS SO...SO... IT, UH, IT FEELS LIKE THE FIRST TIME... OH, G-GOD...YOU'RE SO SMOOTH...
Shhh.. OOOH, THAT'S NICE...

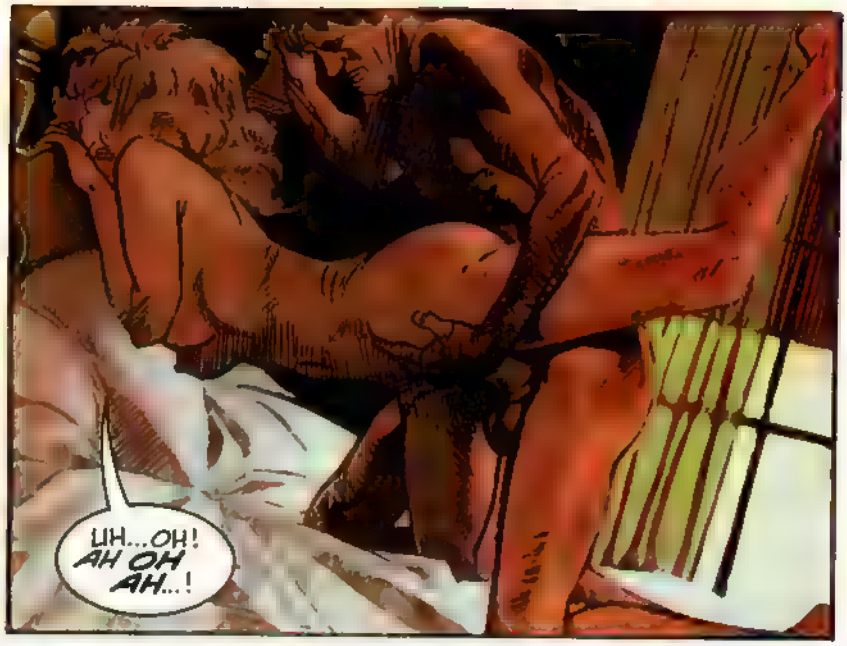
OH...NO, DON'T MOVE YOUR ARM FROM THERE... ARM...?

OH... RICHARD...

TAKE IT... YES...AAH
AAAH!
ULP-- mmPPH!

MY GOD, IT MUST'VE BEEN QUITE SOME TIME...
I WANT YOU.

HUHN!!

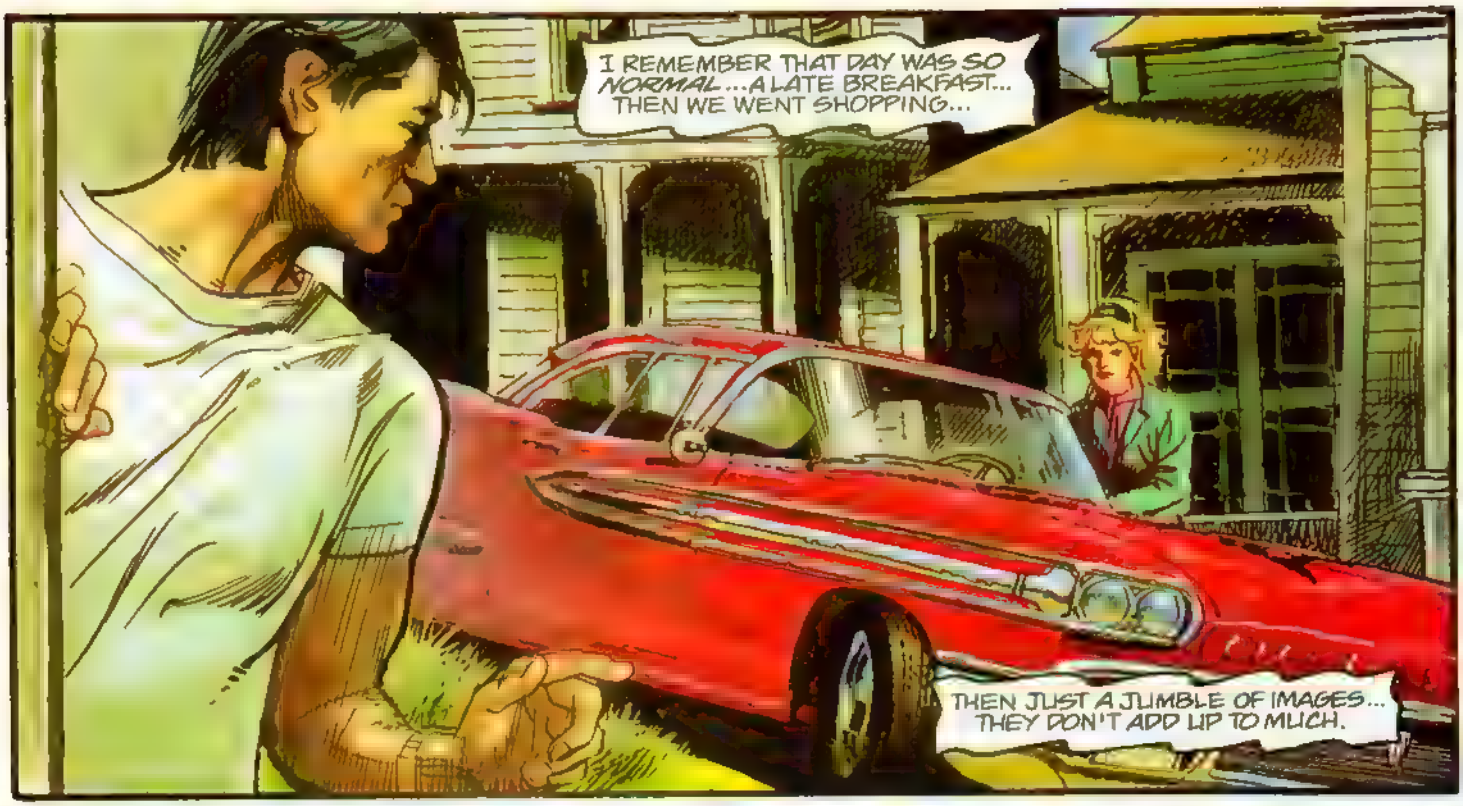

UH...OH! AH OH AH...!

AAHAAAHAAAAHH!

AAH! HAH-HAH!!
OH! OHMIGOD... OH! OH!

OH... NOT SO-- OH!!

LATER...
I AM ASHAMED TO SAY...I...I CAN'T REALLY REMEMBER WHAT IT WAS LIKE TO BE WITH ANN...
OH...HOW COULD I FORGET... JESUS, JUST WHAT CAN I...?

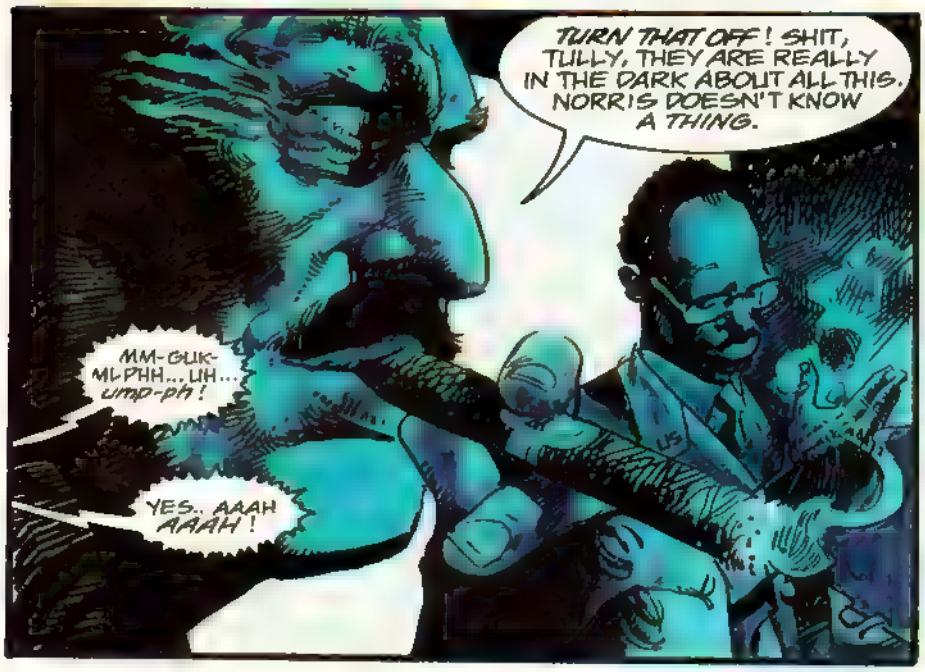

I REMEMBER THAT DAY WAS SO NORMAL...A LATE BREAKFAST... THEN WE WENT SHOPPING...
THEN JUST A JUMBLE OF IMAGES... THEY DON'T ADD UP TO MUCH.

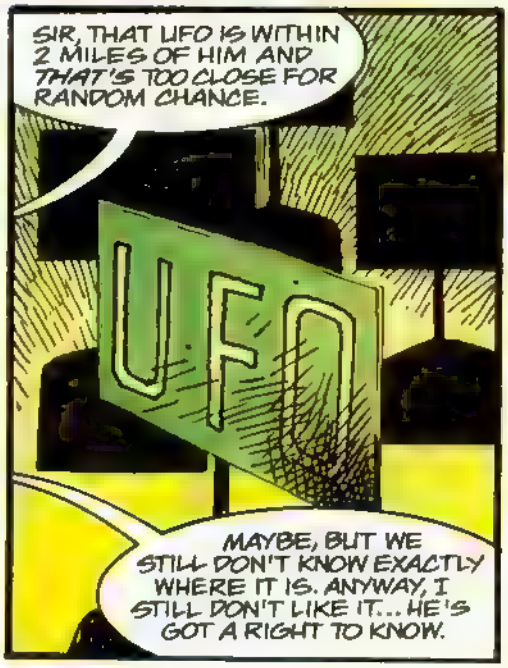
NO OFFICIAL AGENCY OF THE GOVERNMENT, THE STATE, OR THREE LOCAL COUNTIES SAID THEY DID ANYTHING OUT OF THE ORDINARY THAT DAY OR NIGHT... I EVEN GOT A STATE SENATOR INVOLVED FOR A WHILE... I SPOKE TO AROUND 400 PEOPLE WITHIN MINUTES OF WHERE WE LIVED...NOTHING.
THERE MUST BE A PAPER TRAIL OF POLICE REPORTS, THE FBI, EVEN WITNESSES...
WHAT PUT ME OVER THE EDGE ABOUT CONSPIRACIES WAS THAT I COULDN'T FIND A TRACE OF HER EXISTENCE ... NONE ! I HIRED INVESTIGATORS TO REALLY DIG AND THEY FOUND NOTHING... NO FAMILY, NO HISTORY, NOT EVEN A CHILDHOOD FISHING LICENSE. NOTHING.

I GET THE PICTURE; I KNOW YOU'RE THOROUGH...
OOH... CHRIST! YOU'RE GETTING HARD AGAIN!

HEY, YOU'RE STILL DRIPPING FROM THE LAST TIME... MY JAW'S NOT AS SORE AS MY VAGINA...

UH... YOU'RE LEAKING ENOUGH FOR A NORMAL LOAD... mmmph mphh-uh...
LOOK OUT, PAL, HE'S GOING FOR ROUND 4... THIS GUY EATS HIS WHEATIES, OR SOMETHIN'...
JUST MAKE SURE THE TAPE'S ROLLING.


TURN THAT OFF! SHIT, TULLY, THEY ARE REALLY IN THE DARK ABOUT ALL THIS. NORRIS DOESN'T KNOW A THING.
MM-GUK-MLPHH... UH... ump-ph!
YES.. AAAH AAAH!


SIR, THAT UFO IS WITHIN 2 MILES OF HIM AND THAT'S TOO CLOSE FOR RANDOM CHANCE.
UFO
MAYBE, BUT WE STILL DON'T KNOW EXACTLY WHERE IT IS. ANYWAY, I STILL DON'T LIKE IT... HE'S GOT A RIGHT TO KNOW.

THE NEXT AFTERNOON...

YUH, DAMN BIG FLYIN' SAUCER WAS HERE ABOUT 1a.m.... IT WAS RIGHT HERE... MASHED DOWN MY CROPS...

ANY PICTURES OR A VIDEO, MAYBE...?

NAW... I FIGGERED I WAS STANDIN' AT THAT WINDOW FOR A COUPLE HOURS... FUNNY, IT ONLY FELT LIKE A FEW MINUTES... AN' I GOT THIS REAL BAD HEADACHE NOW...

I'M GOING OVER THAT HILL BACK OF THAT BARN... THERE'S SOME EQUIPMENT I'D LIKE A CLOSER LOOK AT...

JUST ANOTHER DAMN HOAX... OKAY, STALKS BROKEN NOT BENT...

SOME RUSTY OIL RIGHT AT THE BREAK... WHAT'S THIS...

HEY, MISSY, YOU'RE AWFUL PURTY FOR A UFO SCIENTIST...

UH, SURE... FUNNY--THERE IS A GOOD RADIOACTIVE TRACE HERE... BUT YOUR SHOE PRINTS ARE BENEATH THE STALKS THAT ARE DOWN...

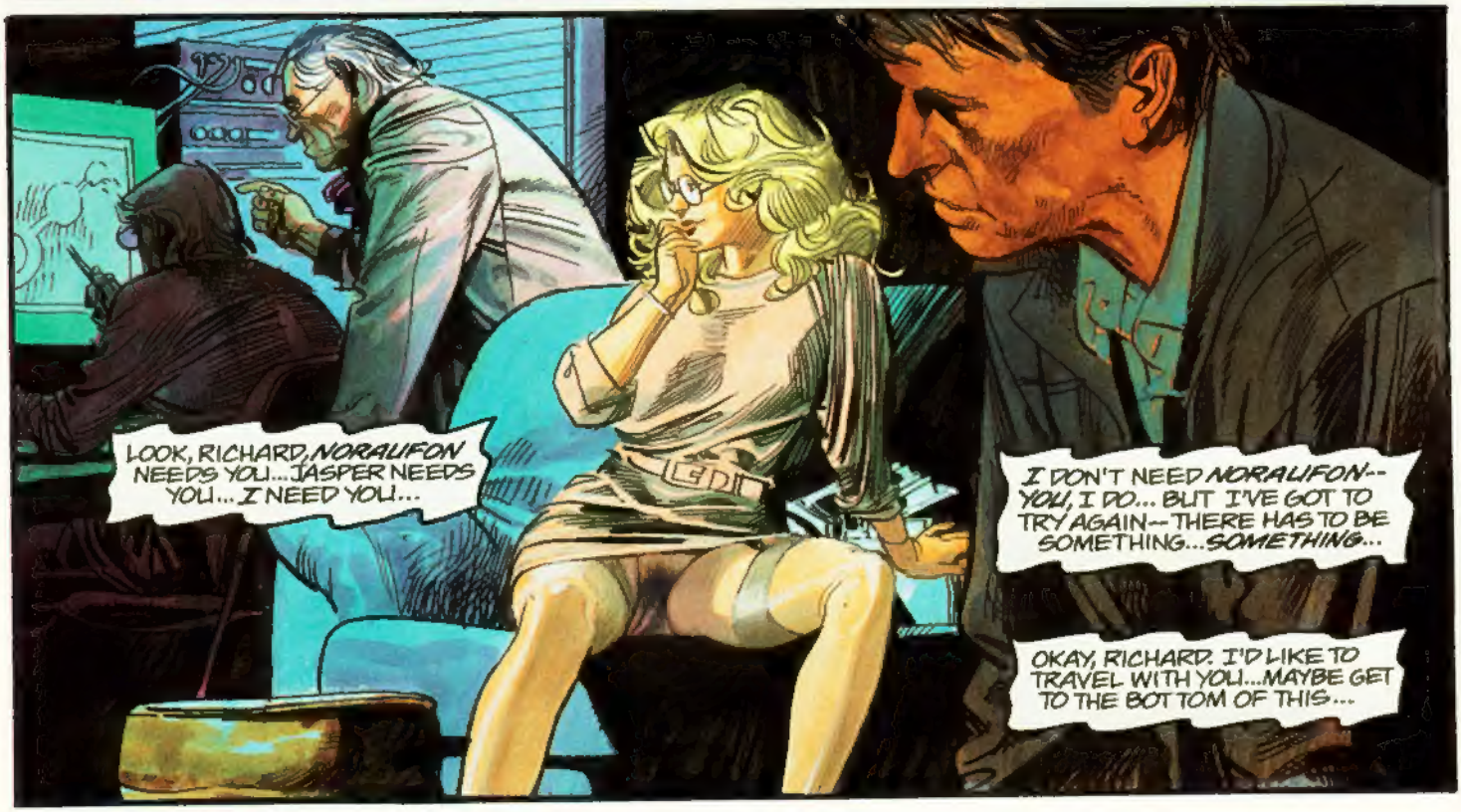
HUH?

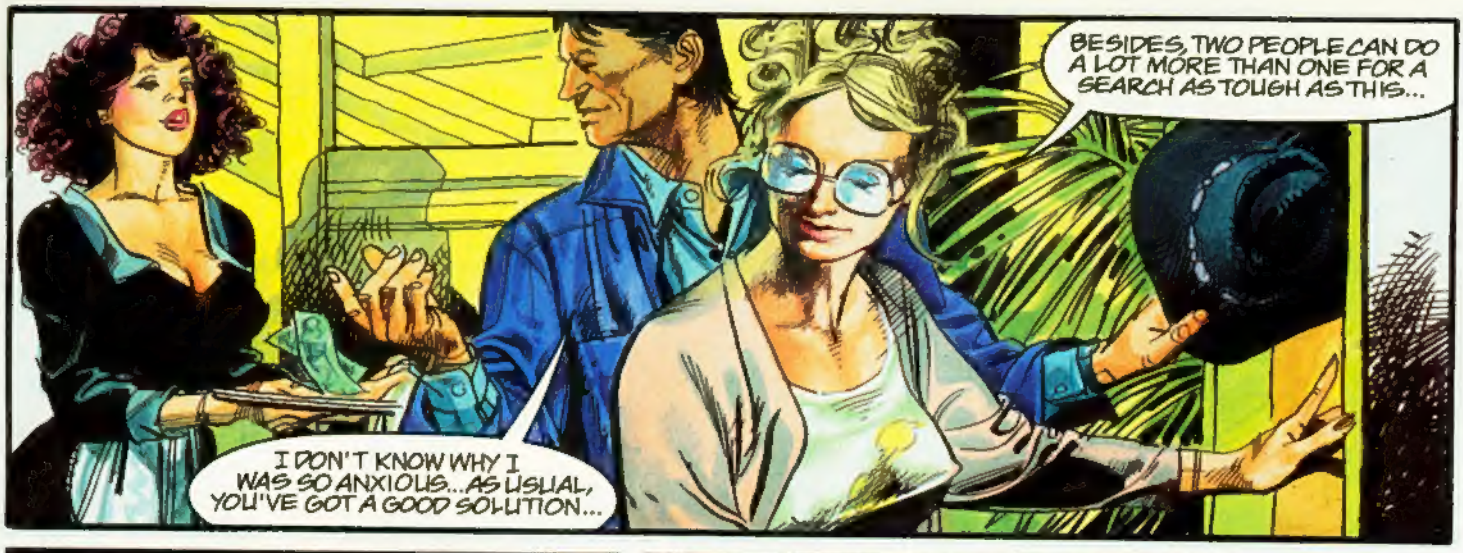
...SAME RUST AND OIL...
...SO THIS MADE THE CROP CIRCLE OR THE ALIENS USE 3-IN-1 ON OLD LOW-CARBON STEEL JUST LIKE US...
YOU SMELL PURTY... I'LL BET YOU FEEL GOOD, TOO... HEH...
WHAT THE--!
SWAP!
KEEP YOUR HANDS TO YOURSELF!
YOU SHOULDN'T OUGHT'A SLAPPED ME, YOU HIGH-TONE BITCH!
RICHARD!
YOU STUPID SONUVABITCH!
CHA-LINK!

THAT EVENING...
I'M JUST GLAD YOU WERE THERE, IS ALL I'M SAYING...THE GUY WAS A HOAXER, BUT HE MUST'VE SCRAPED THE FACE OFF AN OLD RADIUM WATCH--
THEA... I'VE GOT TO QUIT NORALIFON AND I'M DOING IT TOMORROW.

WHAT! I SUPPOSE YOU'RE GETTING BACK ON THE TRAIL OF ANN ?
I HAVE TO KEEP TRYING--
WHAT ABOUT US?
IT IS 'US' THAT IS REMINDING ME OF WHAT I ONCE HAD... I JUST CAN'T ABANDON HER, EVEN IF--

EVEN IF SHE DOESN'T WANT TO BE FOUND ? EVEN IF YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME CHASING A GHOST !


LOOK, RICHARD, NORALIFON NEEDS YOU...JASPER NEEDS YOU...I NEED YOU...
I DON'T NEED NORALIFON-- YOU, I DO... BUT I'VE GOT TO TRY AGAIN--THERE HAS TO BE SOMETHING...SOMETHING...
OKAY, RICHARD. I'D LIKE TO TRAVEL WITH YOU...MAYBE GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS...


BESIDES, TWO PEOPLE CAN DO A LOT MORE THAN ONE FOR A SEARCH AS TOUGH AS THIS...
I DON'T KNOW WHY I WAS SO ANXIOUS... AS USUAL, YOU'VE GOT A GOOD SOLUTION...

THEN I'M IN FOR THE DURATION-- EVEN IF IT MEANS I DON'T LIKE WHAT WE FIND...
LET'S TAKE IT ONE STEP AT A TIME... HOW 'BOUT WE PACK TONIGHT, SO WE CAN LEAVE AFTER WE SEE JASPER?
SUITS ME... I'VE GOT SOME IDEAS TO TALK OVER... AFTER DESSERT, THAT IS...

"ADMIRAL RH'OOT! WE ARE IN RANGE OF THE TARGET! OUR WEATHER ENGINES ARE AT FULL CAPACITY..."
"GOOD, PILOT GISZH'IM! KEEP A CLOSE WATCH ON OUR POWER LEVELS... WE'LL NEED ALL THE MANEUVERING WE CAN GET!

THERE! THE TEST SUBJECT IS IN HIGH-RANGE, NOW... MOVE IN!
YES, ADMIRAL! PRESENT CAPACITY IS 40%... THAT IS BAD, SIR... WE MAY NOT BE ABLE TO PICK UP OUR SUBJECT WITH SUCH POOR STABILIZATION...
WE SHALL TRY, PILOT... WE MUST TRY...
TO BE CONTINUED...